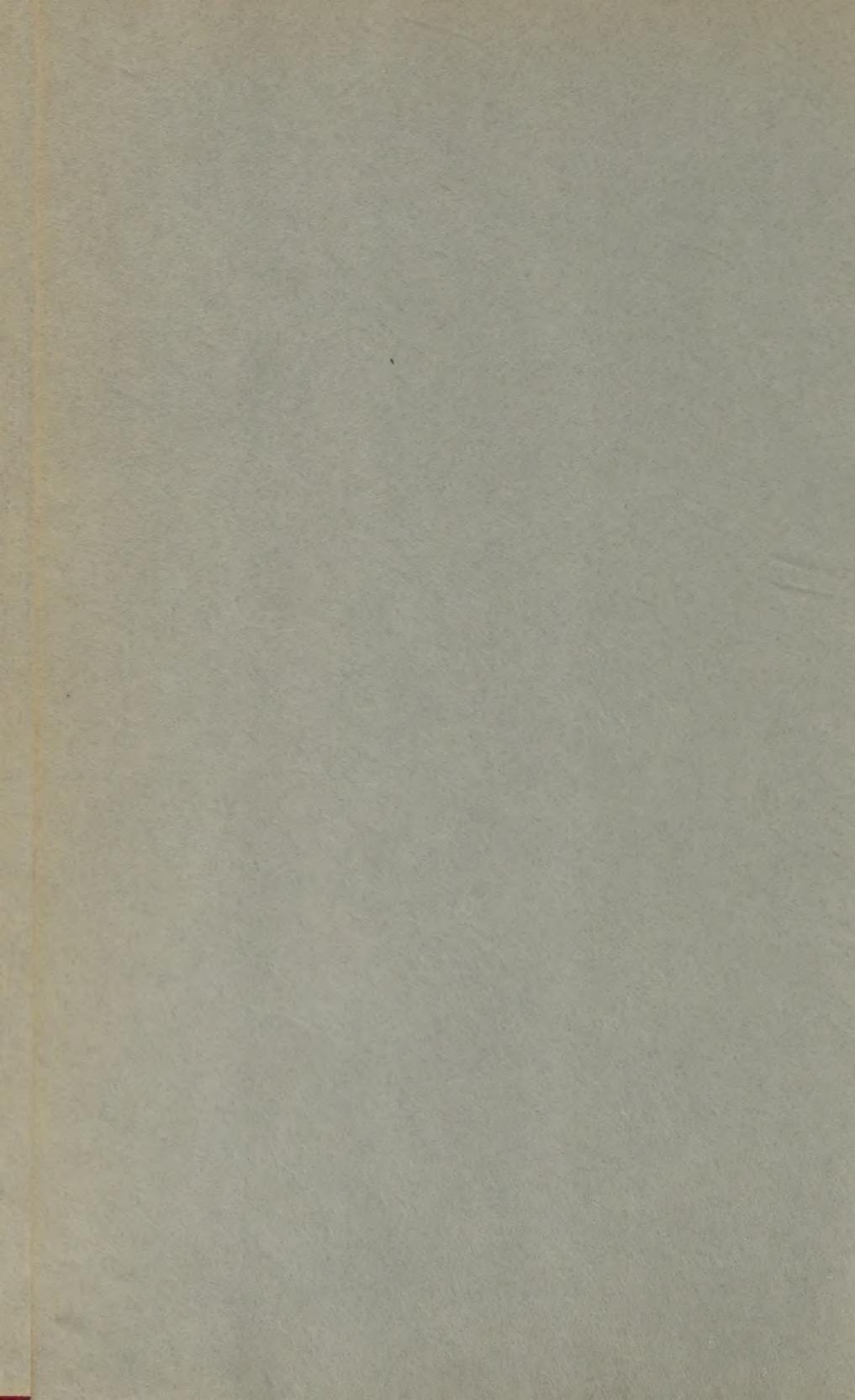


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BUGBEE'S POPULAR BOOKS

The
Tip-Top
Valentine Book

By
MARIE IRISH

Author of "Glad Time Christmas Book", "Sunshine Christmas Book", "Hallowe'en Fun", etc., etc.

CUMBERLAND
BELMONT - T.
1951

THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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PART I

READINGS, RECITATIONS, DRILLS,
DIALOGUES, EXERCISES, SONGS,
TABLEAUX

MOTHER'S VALENTINE

I'm going to be mother's valentine,
And give her what she wishes,
Because she'd like a valentine
Who will wash and dry the dishes.

A GOOD VALENTINE

(*For a boy who carries a large cookie cut heart-shape.*)

I do not care for valentines
That talk about love and hearts,
And gush of smiles and maiden's eyes,
And of Cupid's frolic-some darts.

I say a valentine like this
(*Holds up cookie.*)
Is one that cannot be beat;
We boys are always on the watch
For something that's good to eat.
(*Takes a bite.*)
Oh, yum-yum, this is fine—
Cookie, please be my valentine.

GAY CUPID

On Valentine's Day
So the legends say,
Cupid gaily flits about,
Seeking for game for his unerring aim
Hearts that are loyal and stout.
O Cupid, send your darts if you will—
Shoot at the heart but *not* to kill.

WE'LL BE MERRY

February winds may blow,
Bring us sleet or drifting snow,
But we'll make merry and be gay
Keeping good Saint Valentine's Day.

GOOD SAINT VALENTINE

(For a boy.)

I think that Saint Valentine
Was certainly a dandy
To give to us a day that
Comes in so very handy
For a lot of us men,
Because, you see, there's just
Many a good fellow,
Both the large and small,
Who at love-making takes a fall,
But in truth is more or less yellow.

For I'm telling you that
It takes courage, a lot,
'Cause we don't know whether
Girls'll like it or *not*
When we make love to 'em—
They're such clever young creatures
It is hard to see through 'em.

That, friends, is the reason,
As sure as creation,
Why a love-making day
Is a boon to the nation;
We men are grateful
For a safe way to send
A message of love to
Our dear lady friend.
It is easy to say,
"I love you; be mine"—
Just send it by mail
On a sweet valentine.

A FRIENDLY DAY

A short month, February,
Brings a short winter's day,
But it cheers us with a message
Whose spirit comes to stay.

The day flies by on golden hours,
But to the long year's end
We treasure valentine greetings
That came from a loving friend.

WELCOME THIS DAY

Welcome to St. Valentine's Day,
And to Cupid, young and gay,
Who goes about with love-dipped darts,
Seeking for unsuspecting hearts.

Welcome to this Valentine Day,
When young folks court and love holds sway;
Long ago you know 'twas found
'Tis love that makes the world go round.

Welcome to this friendly day,
And to all we wish to say
We hope a valentine comes to you
To show that some one loves you true.

A GREETING

Dear friends, we give you hearty greeting,
We hope you'll all enjoy this meeting,
And find the hours gay and fleeting
While you are here.

This is the Heart Day of the year,
And may your hearts be filled with cheer,
As you receive from some one dear
A valentine.

And should it be designed by Fate
That some one here should find a mate,
And enter the matrimonial state—
 Won't that be fine?

So my welcome I'm repeating,
Bid you once more hearty greeting,
And as with Cupid you're competing—
 We hope *he* wins.

AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE

Said Grandpa Grimes, "I treasure still
 That faded Valentine o' mine,
That I have kept for many a year
 Through days of storm and shine.
This Valentine of long ago
 Has been an inspiration,
And cheered me when I was oppressed
 With gloomy meditation.

This Valentine long years ago
 I led up to the altar,
And we began our wedded life
 With steps that didn't falter;
Her hair is getting thin and gray,
 Her face shows many a line,
But I grow fonder every day
 Of this Valentine o' mine.

She was pretty as a blossom
 When she said that she'd have me;
She flitted 'round as lightly
 As a busy honey bee;
She has lost her beauty working
 All these years for me and mine,
And I tell you, folks, I treasure
 This dear, faded Valentine.

I believe as sure as preaching
 That the man is blessed by fate
 Who trudges 'long the way of life
 With a true and faithful mate;
 When little Cupid got *me*
 His shooting sure was fine,
 And I've been prouder year by year
 Of this Valentine o' mine.

WILY CUPID

Young Cupid comes a-smiling,
 His ways are most beguiling;
 He has an almost certain aim,
 He's on the hunt for Valentine game;
 He may have his eye on *you* (*points*)
 Have a care; beware, beware!
 (*Shake finger warningly.*)

Young Cupid goes a-roaming
 In sunshine or in gloaming,
 Hits a heart with but half trying,
 As his arrows go a-flying;
 He may have his eye on *you* (*points*),
 Have a care; beware, beware!
 (*Bend forward and shake finger.*)

Rich or poor, there is no telling,
 Young and old his ranks are swelling;
 Soft and loving looks bestowing,
 Soon he sets the heart a-glowing.
 He may have his eye on *you* (*points*)
 Have a care; beware, beware!

(*Step forward with right foot bringing it down hard and shaking finger more emphatically.*)

A ROMANCE OF THE YEAR

Said January to February,
 "Please, dear, be my valentine,
 And lovingly we'll go March-ing on
 Though April weeps tears of brine.

“Fair Miss May shall be our bride’s maid,
 And in June we shall wedded be;
 Now, don’t Ju-lie, but tell me true
 That you care for no one but me.

“A-gust of love like a cyclone
 Shall rival September’s bright days;
 October shall blush with deep color
 To hear me chanting your praise.

“We’ll live happily ever after,
 No-member shall ever us part,
 For dear little February,
 I pledge you a warm, constant heart.

“The storms of December shall ne’er
 Chill my love if you will be mine.”
 Said January to February,
 “Please, dear, be my valentine.”

GRANDMA’S VALENTINE

I like valentines, the pretty ones,
 All fancy and showy, and bright,
 And I’m sure that our modern ones
 Would fill any girl with delight;
 But *such* a queer, little, old one
 As grandma keeps treasured away—
 It isn’t attractive at all,
 Like the valentines of today.

The lacy trimming around it
 Is yellow because it’s so old,
 And the birds and flowers on it
 Are certainly queer to behold;
 It’s a faded, odd valentine,
 But grandmother says with a smile,
 “I like this very much better
 Than those of the up-to-date style.”

When I ask her why she likes it
She looks at me in surprise,
Then gazes at her valentine
With love-light in her eyes;
"Your grandpa," she answers softly,
"Was my first and my only beau.
He gave me this beautiful valentine
Nearly sixty years ago."

A SAD FATE

(*For a boy.*)

Don't see why I couldn't been
Good-lookin', with a Grecian nose,
With curling locks, dark, handsome eyes,
And cheeks like a blushing rose.
Now who'd be expected to fall
In love with a form like mine?
I am sure no girl will take me
To be *her* valentine.

THERE MAY BE HOPE

(*For a girl.*)

I cannot make a cake,
I cannot sew a seam;
I like to romp and play,
Or sit and idly dream.
I cannot do the sums
In my 'rithmetic book;
Teacher tells me I'm dumb
And gives me her crossest look.

I don't like to sweep and dust,
Or wipe dishes till they shine;
Folks say no fellow will want
Me to be *his* valentine.
But I'm inclined to believe
There is hope, because you see
The giant, spreading oak tree
Was once a *nut*, like me.

VALENTINE'S DAY*(Printed in "Poor Robin's Almanack" in 1757)*

“Valentine’s Day is drawing near
 And both the men and maids incline
 To choose them each a Valentine;
 And if a man gets one he loves
 He gives her, first a pair of gloves,
 And, by the way, remember this,
 He seals the favor with a kiss.

“This kiss begets more love and then
 That love begets a kiss again,
 Until this trade the man doth catch
 And then he doth propose the match.

“The woman’s willing, though she’s shy;
 She gives the man this soft reply,
 ‘I’ll not resolve one thing or other
 Until I first consult my mother.’
 When she says so ’tis half a grant
 And may be taken for consent.”

MRS. O’TOOLE’S VALENTINE

Shure, now, ain’t Valentine day nice, with all its pritty
 love tokens, trimmed up with fancy lace doodads, an’ birds
 a-billin’ and flowers a-bloomin’ on ’em, an’ these pritty little
 Cupid boys a-dancin’ on ’em, an’ some love verses to cheer
 a body’s heart?

An’ ’tain’t only the gittin’ pritty valentines that makes it
 a nice day—there’s matin’ goin’ on too, an’ wimmin gettin’
 foine husban’s all baycause o’ it’s bein’ St. Valentine’s day
 —bliss his heart. Shure now, don’t Oi know what Oi’m
 a-talkin’ ’bout—bayin’ as how Biddy O’Toole—an’ that’s
 mesilf (*taps breast*), got as foine a man as ever walked fer
 a valentine.

Arrah, now, Oi guess Oi might bay afther tellin’ ye about
 it, if yez r’ally insists on’t, an’ seein’ as himsif ain’t here

to be teased by it, bliss his heart. He ain't fond o' hearin' it a-tall a-tall, but Oi don't lay it up 'g'inst 'im none, bein' as a man is not to blame fer bayin' bashful loike.

Shure now, don't yez bay gittin' impatient. Oi'm comin' to the story all in good toime. Oi was a foine-lookin' young leddy in thim days, if Oi do say it mesilf as shouldn't, an' Jimmy O'Toole had been afther castin' eyes at me fer mony a week an' walkin' home along side me from church, an' comin' to sit bayside the fire with me, tryin' to court an' niver darin' to ax me the fatal quisti'n, same as if he hadn't a tongue in his mouth a-tall, a-tall.

So, whin come Valentine day, sez Oi to mesilf, sez Oi, Biddy Maloney—that bayin' me name thin, sez Oi, "Jist yez take matthers in't yez own hands an' give 'im a valentine." Shure, Oi wasn't achin' to do the loikes, me bayin' a well-mannered young leddy; but wirra, wirra, what's a body to do whin a young man can't open his dum' mouth to say so much as "Will yez bay moine?"

So, whin come Valentine eve an' Jimmy came over to see wuz Oi goin' to the parthy nixt day at Mary McGuire's, an' we wuz settin' by the fire, cozy-loike, sez Oi, "Shure, Jimmy, an' why ain't yez gittin' yez a valentine?" An' sez he, "Now who'd bay wantin' sich nimcomboob az mesilf?" An' sez Oi, "Shure, now, 'tis more'n likely they's no young leddy yez bay wantin' fer a mate," sez Oi.

An' sez Jimmy O'Toole, sighin' loike a cold breeze in spring, sez 'e, "There do bay one Oi'm wantin' but Oi'm feared she won't bay takin' up with the loikes o' mesilf."

With 'im a-slumpin' down in gloom loike that, Oi sees they mus' bay disprit maysures taken, so, sez Oi, "Shure, Jimmy, seein' that foolish maid won't be afther havin' yez, w'y, thin, Oi'll have yez mesilf," sez Oi.

Whin Oi got 'im convinced Oi r'ally meant it, Jimmy O'Toole was the tickeldest man yez iver did lay eyes on, an' that's how Oi got me Valentine, bliss 'im.

WE DON'T WANT ONE

For a boy and a girl; one stands at each side of stage while speaking.

Boy.

I don't want a girl for a Valentine;
They are sort of nice,
But they're 'fraid of mice,
An' they're scart of Injuns, too.
If they see a grizzl'y bear
They raise a ballyhoo.

GIRL.

I don't want a boy for a Valentine;
They like to tease,
An' they track up the floors,
An' eat too much,
An' slam-bang the doors.
They like to go with dirty face,
An' never hang their caps in place.

Boy.

I don't want a girl for a Valentine;
They are 'fraid to pick up snails,
They're fussy 'bout their finger nails,
They rather sit indoors an' lout
Than catch gophers an' run about;
They like to mind the teacher's rule,
An' never git a lickin' in school—
That's the way girls are.

GIRL.

I don't want a boy for a Valentine;
They like to make faces
An' are not polite;
They call the girls names,
An' throw stones, an' fight;
Boys are like that.
Now, my daddy *never* did so,
He was always good,
He has told me so.

Boy.

Girls are 'fraid to kill a squirrel,
An' if they see a wiggly snake,
They scre-e-e-e-ech an'
To their heels they take.
An' when girls are hurt
They cry an' whine—
I don't want one for a Valentine.

GIRL.

Mother got a nice man,
An' maybe I can;
If I had to take a boy I'm 'fraid
I'd always stay an old, old maid.

VALENTINE ADVICE

For six children each wearing a red heart pinned over the heart.

No. 1.

With a heartfelt greeting we come,
To offer you sage advice,
And from the depth of our hearts
(*Each touches heart with fingers of right hand.*)
We hope you will find it nice;
And what we shall say to you
You will discover is true.

No. 2.

We would advise the young men
Not faint-hearted to grow,
Or you may bring a heart-ache
(*All touch heart and look sad and sigh*)
To some one who wants to know
What you alone can say
To please her on Valentine day.

No. 3.

Do not be heart-less, we pray,
For there are folks waiting to hear
That you whole-heartedly send them

(All touch heart.)

A valentine message of cheer.
The only one that will do
Is the one that comes from *you*.

No. 4.

We trust you each, young and old,
Have a true sweet-heart today,
Who will give a most hearty token

(All touch heart.)

To cheer you on life's hilly way.
And whatever else you do,
Don't neglect this sweetheart true.

No. 5.

Do not become down-hearted.
(All touch heart and shake heads sadly)
If love seems to pass you by;
Just look about you bravely
With a penetrating eye;
Soon the right one you will view —
Heart-y congratulations to you.

(All touch heart.)

No. 6.

Here is some parting advice
That most heartily we give;
(All touch heart.)

Don't let it fall from your mind
As water runs through a sieve;
Find some one others have forgot
Send that one a valentine—now, *why not?*

IF

(For five children.)

1ST.

If you would bring to someone's face
A cheerful, happy smile,
Just send that one a valentine
Of the latest mode and style;
This recipe for making smiles
You will find is quite worth while.

2ND.

If you would cheer some lonely heart
That's feeling sad and forlorn,
Just send a pretty sentiment
Upon St. Valentine's morn;
It will make that sad heart happy,
It will as sure as you're born.

3RD.

If you would cause some lonely child
To feel that he has a friend,
Just sign your name upon it and
A gay little Valentine send;
It will make his whole day cheerful,
It will, you may depend.

4TH.

If you would make some real old folks
Feel again the joy of youth,
Just send them dainty valentines,
They'll like them, and that's the truth;
'Twill make them think of bygone days,
And they'll enjoy it, forsooth.

5TH.

If you would help some sickly one
To drive the aches away,
And brighten up the weary hours
Until they seem quite gay,
Just send a jolly valentine
It will cheer the darkest day.

ALL.

Just send a Valentine,
One that's gay and snappy;
Send a jolly valentine,
To make somebody happy.

GOOD ADVICE

1ST CHILD.

If somebody makes you trouble
Or slaps you or pulls your hair,
Send him a friendly valentine
To show that you do not care.

2ND CHILD.

If teacher scolds you or keeps you
An hour after school at night,
Just send her a loving valentine
To show her you feel all right.

3RD CHILD.

If your girl says that she likes
Some other boy better than you,
Just send her a nice valentine
To show her your heart is still true.

4TH CHILD.

If mother says you're the limit,
And says she'll punish you, sure,
Send her a pretty valentine,
'Twill work a magical cure.

A FAVORITE WORD

For nine children, each with a large heart, cut from wrapping paper, worn as a shield over the front of body. Each heart has a large red letter, these to spell V-A-L-E-N-T-I-N-E.

(Child with T comes on and stands at center of stage to speak.)

T is something that we drink,
It has been used for many years;
Whether you choose the green or black
It is a cup that cheers.

(Remains in position.)

(The four with N I N E come on and stand at the left of the first speaker.)

1ST CHILD.

With letters four we can spell nine,
We think that's doing pretty fine.

2ND CHILD.

Nine is a number we must learn
When our thoughts to 'rithmetic turn.

3RD CHILD.

But soon while standing in a row
Something nicer than nine we'll show.

4TH CHILD.

And when we show that something fine
You will not know that we are nine.

(The four with V A L E enter and stand at the right of the one who has T.)

1ST CHILD.

V A L E for you we spell,
A little valley, as you know well.

2ND CHILD.

A vale is oft a pretty spot;
The poets talk of them a lot.

3RD CHILD.

But we're not here a vale to be
As very soon you'll plainly see.

4TH CHILD.

And our vale will help to spell
A word the children know full well.

(The child with T and the next with N change places and all stand together to spell VALENTINE.)

ALL.

Here is the word we've come to spell,
And its praises now to tell;
We'll say, while standing here in line,
We're very fond of VALENTINE.

TEN LITTLE VALENTINES

For ten children each wearing a fancy paper cap and wearing on the front of the body a large valentine made of white blank newspaper, secured from the printing office, fastened over stiff wrapping paper to give it weight. In each corner of the valentine have colored birds and flowers, and bright children cut from magazines. The lettering should be done with bright crayolas, preferably red, and be in large type, easy to read across the room. Use sentiments like: For One I Love, I Love But You, Be my Valentine, Let Me Be Your Valentine, With Truest Love, From Your Sweetheart, Please Be Mine, I Offer You My Heart, From Your Valentine.

(They come on and stand in a row and speak.)

ALL TOGETHER.

Pretty valentines are flitting
O'er the country, east and west,
Going forth with tender message
To one somebody loves the best.

1st (a boy).

Ten little Valentines standing in a line;
One went to his best girl, then there were nine.

(He goes off, walking backwards to keep the valentine to the front.)

2ND (*girl*).

Nine little Valentines starting out in state;
One went to a black-eyed boy, then there were eight.

3RD.

Eight little Valentines, bright as flowers of heaven;
One went to cheer the sick, then there were seven.

(*Each goes off same as the first did.*)

4TH.

Seven little Valentines, trying Cupid's tricks,
One went to a neighbor child, then there were six.

5TH (*girl*).

Six little Valentines to give happiness contrive;
One went to a crippled boy, then there were five.

6TH (*boy*).

Five little Valentines, with love just bubbling o'er;
One went to his best friend, then there were four.

7TH.

Four little Valentines, pretty as they could be;
One went to a nice old man, then there were three.

8TH (*boy*).

Three little Valentines, loyal, loving and true;
One went to his mamma, then there were two.

9TH.

Two little Valentines, think that Cupid's day is fun,
One went to a dear grandma, then there was one.

10TH (*boy*).

One little Valentine says making friends is fun;
He went to his best chum, then there was none.

WHICH HEART HAVE YOU?

For four children, each with a large heart face. The hearts are cut from pasteboard or stiff paper, then covered with white and the face inked on. Each heart is fastened to the brush part of a broom, being large enough to conceal the brush. Wind handle of the broom with red paper and carry with the brush end up.

1ST CHILD (*coming on and standing at right of center*).

Valentine day is heart day,
And it's a good plan, I'll confess,
To discover just what kind
Of a heart it is you possess.
If you are sad and grouchy,
And sour instead of sweet,
This is the kind of a heart
You show to the folks you meet.

(*Make the face with corners of mouth turned downward and with lines in forehead.*)

2ND CHILD (*coming on and standing at left of first*).

If you are used to smiling,
And making the best of things,
And joking about the blizzards
And cyclones the weather brings;
If you are used to finding
Each day some joy and bliss,
Then you will have a glad heart
That looks about like this.

(*Make face with corners of mouth turned upward.*)

3RD CHILD (*coming on and standing at left of second*).

If you have a jealous heart,
Accustomed to suspicion
And envy people who are blest
With money and position;

If you are filled with distrust,
And find much that's amiss,
I feel quite safe in saying
That your heart resembles this.

(Make small mouth turned down and eyeballs turned to one side and only half showing.)

4TH CHILD.

If you have an anxious heart,
And your faith is weak,
If you're expecting trouble
And for disaster seek;
If you are always ready
To say, "I told you so!"
Then you have a heart, my friend,
That looks like this, I know.

(Mouth small and turned downward, eyes extended from top to bottom with eyeballs dropped downward.)

SONGS FOR AULD LANG SYNE

(With apologies to Robert Burns)

(TUNE, "Auld Lang Syne")

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Let's think about those happy days
And send a valentine.

CHORUS

A-V-A-L-E-N-
T-I-N-E!

'Tis here's a valentine, my friend,
To you from me.

2. We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 Let's send a bonnie valentine,
 For days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS

3. Our childhood days long since ha'e fled,
 Your locks are white as mine;
 Let's call to mind those happy hours
 And send a valentine.

CHORUS

4. I am your friend unto the end,
 And I want thee for mine;
 Let's keep the mem'ries of the past,
 And send a valentine.

CHORUS.

WHO SHOULD MIND

(TUNE, "*Comin' Thro' The Rye*")

If a body send a body
 Token sweet and kind,
 If a body says, "I love you,"
 Should a body mind?

CHORUS.

Ev'ry laddie loves a lassie,
 Wants a Valentine;
 Ah, who can blame him when he says,
 "My dear, won't you be mine?"

2. If a laddie with his arrow
 Plays the Cupid game,
 Snares a lassie with his glances,
 Who should mind the same?

CHORUS.

3. If St. Valentine with fetters
 Two true hearts shall bind;
 If he sends her to the altar
 Should a maiden mind?

CHORUS

FEBRUARY'S TOKEN

(TUNE, "*Massa's In De Cold, Cold Ground*," in "GOLDEN
 BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS.")

When de winter winds am wailing
 An' February's here,
 Den comes de Valentine day bringing
 Messages of loving cheer.
 When de sleet am on de window,
 An' de clouds drop low'r,
 Den de postman starts a-leaving
 Pretty tokens at your door.

CHORUS

Somebody loves you,
 Honey, ain't dat fine?
 Oh, de world it sure am bright
 When you get a valentine.

2. When you're feelin' sort of dismal,
 An' all de world looks blue,
 When Ol' Man Trouble's round de corner,
 Waitin' dar to bother you;
 When you think your friends am fickle,
 An' you're feelin' sore,
 Den de postman starts a-leaving
 Pretty tokens at your door.

CHORUS

3. When you think dat you're forsaken,
 Don't you believe it's so;
 Dar's somebody jes' a-waitin'
 With a heart dat's all a-glow.

When dat Cupid comes a-shootin'
Arrows straight at you,
Den you'll start a-feelin' happy,
Like de other folkses do.

CHORUS

TABLEAUX

GRANDFATHER'S VALENTINE

At the right of center have a mosquito-netting curtain on a wire, tacked to the floor at the bottom to hold it taut. At the left of the center, profile to audience, facing toward the netting curtain, an elderly man with snowy locks sits in an easy chair with a meditative attitude and a dreamy expression. The music of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," is played softly; a young lady in old-fashioned white dress with flowers in her hair comes on back of the curtain and poses, looking down with a half-smile on her face. The music ceases and these words are given by reader off stage:

His locks are like the winter's snow,
His once-brisk steps are growing slow,
And sitting at the close of day,
By memory's path he takes his way

To the days of long ago.

He sees his youthful Valentine,
Recalls her eyes of starry shine,
Hears the soft music of her voice
That made his beating heart rejoice,
In the days of long ago.

THE DAYS OF YEARS GONE BY

At center of background a young man and woman sit stiffly on an old-fashioned sofa. Near by is a stand with an old-time kerosene lamp. The young man wears high standing collar; the young lady has old-fashioned gown and hair arranged in style of years ago. They sit awkwardly

and half glance at each other occasionally. The following lines are read off stage:

On the sofa in the parlour,
With the light turned low,
He angled for his Valentine
With bashful speech and slow;
He wasn't much at talking,
And he wasn't much for show,
But she said that she'd be his'n
In the days of long ago.

TOO MUCH VALENTINE

A small, thin young man sits in a rocking chair; on his lap sits a large, fat young man dressed as a young lady, and padded to seem as fat as possible. The latter has an arm about the neck of the other one, and has hold of his hand so as to keep his arm about the "lady's" waist. The thin one wears a pained expression while the fat one beams upon him coyly, making eyes, and seemingly very happy. These lines are read:

Oh, loving lips and eyes that shine,
Oh, loving arms that closely twine,
Oh, the bliss of a loving Miss
Who has promised to be your Valentine!
But there *are* times, we'll truly state,
When Cupid sends men too much weight,
And ah, 'tis sad when the fates combine
To send a man too much Valentine!

WHICH SHALL IT BE

A young lady stands, gracefully poised, a valentine in each hand. She is slightly frowning, as if perplexed, trying to decide between the young men who sent the valentines. She looks at one, tenderly, then looks at the other and smiles dreamily. At last she sighs and shakes her head mournfully,

as if the problem is too much for her. The following lines are read by some one off stage:

When two young men, both charming,
And both good-looking, too,
Each send a lady a valentine—
What is she going to do?
One moment her favor goes to one,
Then the other one seems more dear;
Which one shall be her valentine?
Ah, Cupid, please make it clear!

HER FIRST VALENTINE

A pretty little girl, smiling bashfully with a finger in her mouth, has her hand half extended to accept a home-made valentine which the little boy who stands facing her is holding out in a half-ashamed manner. His pose should be awkward and he looks more frightened than happy. The reader gives these lines:

He is half ashamed and half afraid
To give a valentine to the maid
That he likes the best of all;
Although their lips are dumb the hearts
Can be affected by Cupid's darts
E'en when boys and girls are small.

WHEN A MAN NEEDS A VALENTINE

A soiled and rumpled-looking man sits at center of background trying clumsily to darn a badly-worn sock. He has a hard time with the darning cotton which persists in tangling itself into knots. On a small table are a stack of dirty dishes, part of a loaf of bread and a coffee pot. On chairs at right and left are thrown in disarray coats, trousers, soiled shirts and a bathrobe. He pauses in his task of darning to look

about the room with disgust and to sigh mournfully. The following lines are given by a reader off stage:

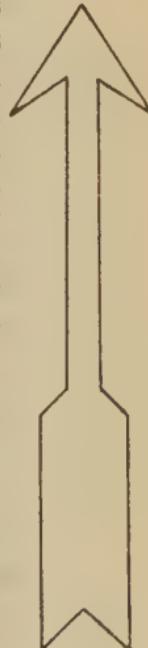
When does a man need a Valentine?
When there are caverns in his hose,
When there are rips in most of his clothes,
When dirty dishes stand around,
And nothing good to eat is found;
When the room is cluttered from stem to stern
Then it is time for a man to learn
That he needs a Valentine.
He needs a woman's hands to take
Disorder from his home and make
It cozy and homelike and neat;
He needs a capable Valentine
To make life happy and sweet.

THE QUEEN OF DARTS

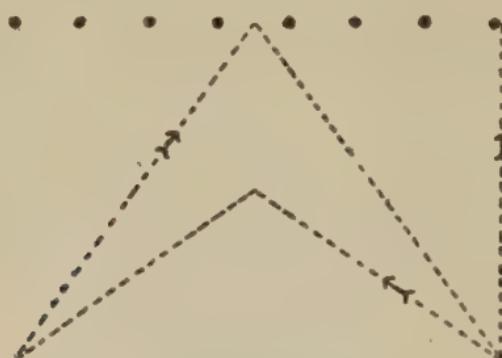
(A drill for eight girls)

They wear white dresses with small red hearts sewed here and there over them, white crowns with a large red heart at center of front and smaller ones at each side, a double ruffle around low-cut neck of gown that is decorated with small red hearts and a red girdle that is high in front. Each girl carries a dart (like illustration) twenty inches long, of two pieces of pasteboard, glued together for strength, covered with white paper and tipped at each end with red paper. White stockings with small red hearts sewed here and there add to the costume. Low black shoes with rather large bow of red crepe paper on each are effective.

To march music the girls enter in single file at the left corner of front, the darts held in right hand, point down, resting against skirt at right side. They pass diagonally to center of stage, then to right corner of front, down to the center



of back, up to the left corner front, down the left side of stage, then form eight abreast across the back of stage, facing front, as below:



As they come into line across back of stage each girl raises her dart and holds it with point resting against her left shoulder. They come up abreast toward front, the center two halting several feet back from front, the others coming nearer, to form a

The two girls at the
center say, with spirit:

The Queen of Darts, she made some hearts,
All on a Valentine Day;

The next two on the right line say:

And some were cold, while some were bold,
And some were merry and gay.

The two on the left line say:

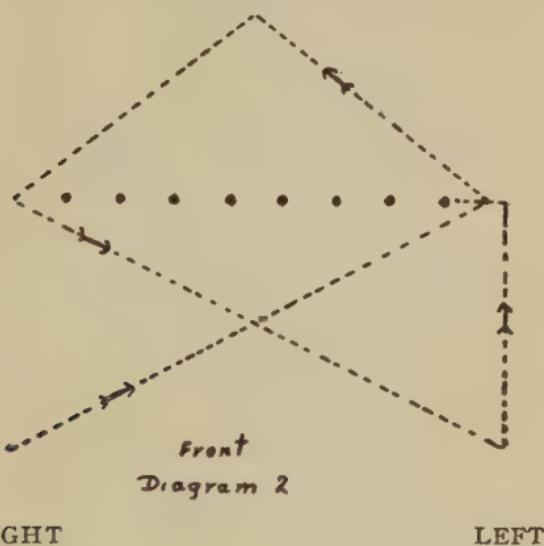
Some hearts were true, others were blue,
And others were hard as stone;

Then the girl nearest front on each side says:

But all the rest, the very best,
She fashioned for love alone.

Those who are back from front move forward until all are in line across the front of stage; file faces the right, all hold-

ing darts as at first; pass diagonally to center of left side, to center of back, to center of right side, then to left corner of front; from there the file goes down the left side halfway and forms across the center of stage, eight abreast, facing the front, thus:



As they halt across center of stage the darts are held in right hand, out in front of center of body, the point to the front, somewhat lowered so the other end is higher. The girl nearest the right of stage says:

The Queen of Darts, she straightway sent
To left and to the right,
A well-aimed dart to pierce each heart
That she could find in sight.

Holding the dart with the thumb on lower side, the four fingers on top, all move the dart slowly obliquely up, point first, to the right and back until the other end touches center of breast, then out, arm's length to the right side and back; quickly transfer, taking dart in left hand, move up obliquely to the left and back, then out straight to left side and back; transfer to right hand and move dart straight out in front of body arm's length and back, four times, keeping all move-

ments as nearly together as possible. The girl nearest left then says:

The darts they scattered here and there,
They went to east and west,
And each, upon a Valentine's Day,
Found its target in a breast.

As she finishes speaking they repeat the drill, as above, giving it a bit more rapidly, the body slightly inclined forward, a half-smile on the face as girls glance coquettishly at the audience.

The file faces right; they pass to center of right side, down to right corner of back, halfway across to center of back, then up as far as center and back, to form a triangle; across to point halfway between the center of back and the left corner, then up and back to form a second triangle. Continue to left corner of back, up the left to corner of front, and there the first two girls cross front of stage and take position at the right; the next four go down obliquely and take positions near the center; the last two halt at the left corner front, as shown below. During this march the darts are rested on right shoulders, points to the front.

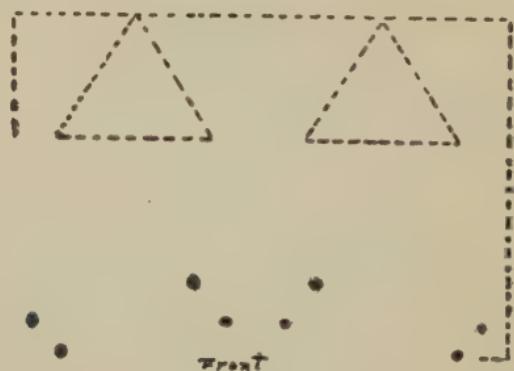


Diagram 3

When they are in position as above, the two girls at the right side say:

The Queen of Darts made havoc,
All on a Valentine Day,
For she set young hearts a-beating
In a most amorous way.

The two at the left say:

She helped along the messages
Of many a valentine
Which said, "My heart adoreth thee;
Dearest, just say you'll be mine."

The four at the center say:

So let us give you warning fair:
If you would safeguard your hearts,
On a Valentine Day,
Hide from the range of this loving Queen
Sending forth her amorous darts,
For Love will find a way.

(As last line is given all girls hold darts forward, aiming at audience.)

Holding darts with points forward, other ends on left shoulders, the girls move forward until they are standing in line abreast across the front of stage; turn to face the left, pass down to center of left side, turn and line up abreast across the center of stage, facing the front. Repeat the drill that has been given twice, stepping forward with the right foot, and inclining body forward. Then face the right, pass down to right corner of back, across the back of stage and off.

A FAN AND CANE DRILL

(For five boys and five girls)

The boys wear white jackets and dark trousers; the girls wear dark skirts and white jackets. The jackets slip on over head, have white ruffle around the neck, and a good-sized red paper heart sewed on the back. Boys as well as girls have bare arms below short jacket sleeve. A red tie is worn. Each boy carries a cane (old umbrella handles will answer if canes are not at hand) wound with red paper; the girls

carry palm leaf fans, covered on either side with white paper, a red heart on one side. Fans can be made of pasteboard, tacked to a handle if desired.

To lively march music the boys, carrying canes under the right arm pointing to the back, enter single file at right corner of back; the girls, with fans in right hand, the top resting at hollow of left shoulder, the hearts next to body, enter at the left corner of back. The files pass down the sides to corners of front, turn and go diagonally to center of back and form couples. Come up center to front in couples. The boys go to right, the girls to left and they halt eight abreast, facing the front, across the stage.

When all are in position the boys bring canes down and hit floor with a thud; the girls wave fans slowly back and forth and smile at the audience. Boys hit floor with a sharp thud of canes and all turn, the boys to right, girls to left, files pass down the sides and when the leader reaches the left corner of back the girls halt. The boys continue across the back of stage and at left corner form couples with the girls. Pass diagonally to the right corner of front in couples, down the side to right corner of back, then diagonally to the left corner of front. Line up across the front of stage in two rows, the boys on the back line, the girls spreading apart and the boys standing back of the spaces so they show between the girls, all facing front.

When all are in position the boys bring canes down with a rap and hold them resting against the floor; the girls sway fans lightly and all sing to tune of "America, the Beautiful."

A welcome to St. Valentine,
The patron of the heart;
A welcome to his messages,
Sent out with Cupid's dart.
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
We're here to honor thee;
And hearts hold sway
This festive day
From sea to shining sea.

(On the fifth line the girls turn fans to show the hearts.)

March music is resumed; the girls face right, pass down the right side, across the back, up the left side; the boys spread apart, the girls pass across and line up beside the boys, standing in the spaces so boys and girls alternate, then all move so as to form a half circle with the first boy at right corner of front, the last girl at the left corner. They sing:

'Tis said one should not wear a heart
Too plainly on the sleeve;
Conceal it lightly as you play
A game of make-believe.

(All turn to face back of stage to show hearts on their backs.)
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
We wear our hearts for thee;
And send thy loving messages
From sea to shining sea.

March music is resumed; all march down the stage to the back, those at the sides taking usual steps, those at center taking shorter steps so that the line is gradually straightened and those at ends are even with the others. At the back all turn to face the front, the boys bringing canes down with a sharp rap. Girls hold fans with hearts to the front, boys tap with canes as they march; come up abreast to the center of stage and halt. The boy nearest right of stage and girl nearest the left come over just in front of center of stage and stand side by side, close together. She holds her fan just below face; he holds his cane with right hand resting on top of his head, cane horizontal, the farther end held in left hand, so cane is just above head of girl. The two girls at right of center form a couple, the two nearest boys stand, one on each side of them with canes held to form an arch over girls' heads; the other two girls and boys stand the same, with positions thus:

x . . x x . . x

—
x .

They sing :

A welcome to St. Valentine,
A welcome now we sing,

(*Girls incline bodies slightly forward and hold fans forward.*)

As Cupid so coquettishly

(*Girls peep over tops of fans.*)

Sends loving darts a-wing.

(*Boys point canes forward, taking aim at the audience.*)

Take care! take care!

(*Boys shake canes warningly at audience.*)

Beware! beware!

Lest he shall aim at thee;

(*All take position as at beginning of these lines and smile broadly.*)

This is the day of mating hearts

(*Girls hold fans over hearts; boys make eyes at their girls.*)

From sea to shining sea.

March music; all move back into position in line across center of the stage, canes and fans as on entering. Come up to front of stage abreast. Girls face the right, boys the left; girls go down the right side, boys down the left, meet at center of back and form couples; come up the center to front, boys tapping floor with canes as they march and girls waving fans; turn to the left and exeunt.

WHY SEND VALENTINES

CHARACTERS

BESS

JOE

NELL

FRED

(*Three children come on carrying some valentines; the fourth child has none.*)

BESS. Oh, I like Valentine Day. I've made a lot of pretty ones to put in our valentine box.

JOE. I made a few but boys can't make as pretty ones as girls can. I bought most of mine.

NELL. You ought to see some of the pretty ones I've made. I hope the boys and girls will like them.

FRED. Aw, I think it's silly to send valentines. What good does it do? I'm not giving a single one.

BESS. I don't think it's silly.

NELL. Neither do I. I like to send valentines.

FRED. Well, what good does it do saying, "Won't you be my valentine" and "I'm your valentine," and such silly things?

BESS. Don't you think it's nice to have friends?

FRED. Oh, yes, I like friends all right.

JOE. So do I. I think it's fine to have boys and girls like me.

NELL. Well, valentines are to show folks that we're their friends and that we want them to be our friends.

BESS. Yes, and if I didn't get any valentines I'd think that I didn't have any friends.

JOE. I think it's nice to let the boys and girls know we like them.

FRED. I think I must be wrong to say they're silly.

JOE. Sure you are and you better like the one I'm giving you.

NELL. And the one I'm giving you, too.

FRED. Say, I'm going home and get some money to buy some valentines. (*Hurries off.*)

JOE. Hope he sends me one.

NELL. Me, too. (*Exeunt.*)

DAY'S OF LONG AGO

(*For three children*)

Two girls are CHILDREN OF TODAY; a boy takes the part of CHILD OF LONG-AGO. He wears a quaint red cap, long stockings that come outside his trousers, reaching nearly up to a

dark blouse that has a red belt and is decorated with various sizes of red hearts.

(The two girls come on arm in arm.)

BETTY. Are your valentines all ready to give?

EDITH. I have just one or two more to make. I like Valentine day. I wonder how it started.

BETTY. I wish some one would tell us about it.

(Enter CHILD OF LONG-AGO.)

LONG-AGO. I'll tell you all about it if you want me to.

EDITH *(as they look at him in surprise).* Who—who are you?

BETTY. And where are you from, please?

LONG-AGO. I'm a boy of Long-ago, and I came from Far-away, a land across the sea. Shall I tell you about the early Valentine days?

EDITH. Yes, please do. Won't you sit down? *(They sit.)*

LONG-AGO. The custom of sending valentines originated many centuries ago in the heathen worship of Juno, a Roman goddess. The Lupercalia, a favorite Roman festival, was celebrated in a sacred enclosure on the Palatine Hill. There seems to be no real reason for connecting these festivities, but they were held on the fifteenth of February.

BETTY. Just a day later than St. Valentine day.

LONG-AGO. Yes, and because good Saint Valentine, a priest of Rome, was beheaded under the persecution of Emperor Claudius, the Second, on the fourteenth of February, so near the date of the great festival, it is supposed that he was chosen as the patron saint of all true lovers.

EDITH. Were young folks supposed to find mates on that day?

LONG-AGO. Yes, there was a famous "Lottery of Cupid" in Rome where the young people drew lots to secure mates. Often these led to marriage, though sometimes they were but companionship for a year. Later the young Christian converts wrote the names of Saints on their lots, and then chose their partners according to the drawing.

BETTY. And so Saint Valentine didn't send valentines to the young ladies, as I have supposed.

LONG-AGO. Oh, no, he was a very good priest who gave all his time to the church. He urged young people to be true and pure, so perhaps that is one reason why he was chosen as the patron saint of lovers.

EDITH. And did other countries have these Valentine customs?

LONG-AGO. Yes, they became popular in France and centuries ago spread to England where many queer customs were used on Valentine day.

BETTY. Tell us one of them, won't you?

LONG-AGO. Yes, one, then I must go for it is a long journey to Far-away. On the early morning of Valentine day a young woman would peep through the key-hole of the door. If she saw but one object she would remain unmated all the year; but if she saw two objects she was sure to have a sweetheart soon. If she happened to see a cock and a hen it foretold a speedy marriage. Now I must go.

EDITH. We're ever so glad you came.

BETTY. And we've enjoyed the interesting things you've told us. Thank you very much.

BOTH GIRLS: Goodbye.

LONG-AGO (*as he leaves*). Goodbye and happy Valentine Day.

CURTAIN

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

CHARACTERS

ETHEL

IRENE

FRED

DEAN

A street scene; ETHEL comes on, wearing wraps, at one side, as FRED comes on from the other side.

ETHEL (*eagerly*). Oh, Fred, don't you want to be my valentine?

FRED. Huh, what fun will that be for me? What do I want to be a valentine for? I think it sounds silly.

ETHEL. But it isn't silly. It's something real nice. Will you be my valentine?

FRED. Aw, this is just some nonsense you're getting on me. I know you girls, I do.

(Enter DEAN.)

ETHEL. Well, smarty, you don't have to. Dean will, I know. Say, Dean, won't you be my valentine?

DEAN. Sure. Maybe I won't make a very good one. What do I have to do?

ETHEL. Elaine Martin is having a party at her house in half an hour. She told me to get some boy for my valentine and bring him along to the party. We're going to have a lot of fun. Come on, we've got to hurry.

DEAN. That'll be great. I like parties. (They hurry off.)

FRED. Shoot it all, I don't see why I didn't say I'd be her valentine and get to go to that party. Well, I'll be smarter next time.

(Enter IRENE.)

IRENE. Hello, Fred. Say, won't you be my valentine?

FRED (eagerly). Sure, I'd like to. Guess I'll make a pretty good one.

IRENE. You'll do all right. (Pulls package from coat pocket.) Here, take this thread over to old Mrs. Benson. She's in a hurry for it. You know when you're somebody's valentine you must do something to please her. I want to go to Jean Brown's to play. Thanks, a lot. (She gives him the package and runs off, same side she entered.)

FRED. Of all the horrid luck! Now I've got to go way over to old lady Benson's. This makes me mad clear through. I don't think much of this valentine business; you never can tell what's going to happen. (He goes off, opposite side from IRENE.)

A MODERN VALENTINE

For a boy and a girl who dress as adults, the girl being arrayed as a modern young lady and the boy being quite collegiate in his attire. A second girl takes the part of the little sister.

(LUCILE *sits reading a magazine*. PEGGY *comes running on eagerly*.)

PEGGY.

That Horace Ramsey is here again,
Togged up like a Christmas tree;
Now if he brings you some candy,
Remember, you save some for me
Or I'll tell him when you said you were sick
You went riding with Jimmy Lee.

LUCILE (*scornfully*).

Mind your own affairs. Go bring him in here,
And behave yourself or you'll pay mighty dear.

PEGGY (*airily*). Aw, applesauce! (*Goes off haughtily*.)

LUCILE.

The way these girls act is a shame,
But I guess little sisters are all the same.

(Enter PEGGY followed by HORACE RAMSEY.)

PEGGY (*with low bow*). Mr. Hor-race Ramsey, Miss.
(*Goes off with dignity*.)

LUCILE (*rising and speaking gushingly*).

I'm so glad to see you that I'm just dumb.
I have been wishing that you would come.

HORACE (*putting down a box of candy*).

A valentine offering I lay at your feet—
A case, my dear, of sweets to the sweet.

LUCILE. Thank you. Now my joy is complete. (*They sit.*)

HORACE.

Dearest, I have come a-wooing.
I want you for my very own.
Be my Valentine and tell me
That you love but me alone.

LUCILE. How wonderful. I do like you, Horace, but—
(*Begins to meditate.*)

HORACE.

I'll treat you fine; give you a home
Where you can reign supreme,
Buy you a nice little car of your own—
Ah, our life will be one long dream!

LUCILE.

Not a car for a modern girl such as I;
I want an airplane in which to fly.

HORACE (*amazed*). A-a-an—airship!

LUCILE.

Great-great-grandpa drove with pride
With his sleek oxen for a ride,
But I am modern; I'll join the crowds
And navigate among the clouds.

HORACE.

You should be satisfied with a car whose power
Takes you o'er the ground eighty miles an hour.

LUCILE (*firmly*).

If I'm to be your Valentine
You must buy me a plane and let me soar
To Omaha, or Baltimore.
To gatherings on Bunker Hill,
Or coffee drinkings in Brazil.
And that is *that*!

HORACE (*lovingly*).

Dearest, you shall not ask in vain;
I'll buy for you a fine airplane.

LUCILE (*joyously*).

Then I shall be your Valentine,
Horace dear, and you'll be mine.

(*They stand up, he puts his arm about her and they say.*)

You and I, dear, you and I,
Up in the clouds are going to fly.
In our big plane we'll sail to Spain,
Or Zanzibar.

Across the Bay of Fundy
We'll sail most any Monday,

(*PEGGY comes on quietly and stands listening.*)

To get a chocolate sundae,
In our sky car.

PEGGY. And will you take me along? You've *got to*.

HORACE. Peggy, Lucile is going to be my Valentine.

PEGGY. Aw, applesauce!

CURTAIN

THE POSTMAN

To be given with action and spirit by a girl dressed as a young lady.

How aggravating and agitating
To have to wait and wait
For the postman who, when you want him,
Is always sure to be late.

(*She acts peeved, walks back and forth nervously, pausing often to look off as if watching for postman.*)

Well, really, perhaps it isn't quite time
For him to be here yet,

(*She looks at watch.*)

But I'm sure he's paid to hurry,
And not make anxious maids fret.

(*Goes to side and stands looking off impatiently.*)

Ah, there he comes this way at last;
Taking his time, too, I must say,
As if he didn't realize
That this is Valentine's Day.

(Brings hands together with a *slap*, comes to center and stands tapping with foot nervously.)

I hope the mail that he leaves here
Today will mostly be mine,
And how *very* happy I shall be
To receive—a—valentine!

(Clasps hands eagerly, looking up with a *raft expression*.)

There! He has been and departed,
Thank goodness, the mail is here;
Now if *only* he has left me
A valentine sweet and dear.

(Looks off stage, then goes out eagerly and comes back with the mail; sits down near table.)

A letter from Blummer and Blaxon,—
Advertising—who cares what they say?
(Throws letter on floor.)

Here's a bill for my new sweater,
There's always something to pay.
(Drops letter on floor.)

Here's a letter for father,
(Studies the envelope.)

I'm glad it isn't for me;
It's from pokey Uncle Abner
Who's grouchy and eighty-three.
(Tosses letter on table.)

Ah, here it is at last! I know
That *this* is a valentine.

(Gazes at it joyously.)

I hope it says in message sweet,
"I love you; won't you be mine?"

(Opens it and studies it with *raft expression*.)

I know whom this is from, of course;
I know who penned the address,
And from this sentiment so sweet
The sender I—can also guess.

(*Sighs lovingly, rolls eyes, and clasps valentine to her heart.*)

Saint Valentine lived years ago,
'Tis centuries since he passed away;
But I still thank him for the joy
He brings us on his Valentine day.

(*Lays valentine against her cheek, then goes off with it clasped to her heart.*)

WE ALL LIKE VALENTINES

To be given by a group of boys and girls of various ages, from little folks up to eighth grade. Use from fifteen to twenty children if they are available, or fewer if necessary, having the same ones in various songs and fewer in the group singing.

(*Enter the GLOOM GIRLS, gownned in crepe paper dresses of dark gray with caps to match.*)

1ST GIRL. I don't like February. She gives us too many dark gray clouds and brings too many storms. She makes me feel bleak and desolate. One thing we can be thankful for—she doesn't stay as long as the other months do. (*They all sing to tune of "Yankee Doodle."*)

We do not like a gloomy month
Like February is, oh!
Her dark clouds give us jimmy-jams,
We're gloomy, yes, we are so.

CHORUS

Wailing breezes, falling snow,
Ice and dark clouds trailing;
Makes us fret and makes us sigh,
And sets us all bewailing.

2. This is a dark and gloomy world
 When February's reigning;
 She brings to light our crankiness,
 And sets us all complaining.

CHORUS

(Enter the CHEERY CHILDREN, running on gaily. They wear dark suits and dresses, trimmed with ruffles of orange paper. They stand in line beside the GLOOMY GIRLS.)

1ST CHEERFUL CHILD. What's the matter here? It sounded like a funeral as we were drawing near. Anybody sick?

2ND GLOOMY GIRL. Oh, we're tired of February. We think she's a dark gloomy month. We like summer sunshine and flowers.

GLOOMY GIRLS (*sing*).

We're tired of February days,
 And that, sir, is no joking;
 We want some sunshine and some flowers,
 So that's why we are croaking.

CHORUS

2ND CHEERFUL CHILD. Oh, cheer up! Don't you know that February brings us Valentine day and that's one of the jolliest times of the whole year; why, valentines are enough to make *anybody* happy. Doesn't it make you smile to think of getting one with a sweet verse like:

Roses are red,
 Violets are blue;
 I like candy,
 But I *love* you.

CHEERFUL CHILDREN (*sing to tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"*).

Tho' the days seem gloomy,
 And the clouds appear,
 You will find behind them
 Sunshine bright and clear.

You will find some blessing,
Like a sunbeam bright;
Just begin a-smiling,
Let your heart grow light.

CHORUS

Onward then with gladness,
Wear a smile of cheer;
Look for golden linings
When the clouds appear.

1ST GLOOMY GIRL. That sounds like good advice but maybe it won't work.

1ST CHEERFUL CHILD. Sure it will. Look at us; we don't look gloomy in these dark clothes, do we?

1ST GLOOMY GIRL. No, because those bright trimmings make you look cheerful.

1ST CHEERFUL CHILD. Just so; and there's usually something pleasant to trim up the darkest day and make it look bright.

ALL CHEERFUL CHILDREN (*sing to chorus of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"*).

Onward then with gladness,
On the darkest day;
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha,
Laugh the clouds away.

(*The CHEERFUL CHILDREN wave hands and run off gaily.*)

2ND GLOOMY GIRL. Perhaps we should be more like *them*—they seem to be having a good time.

(*Enter GRANDMOTHER, a girl dressed as an elderly woman. She walks slowly, head down as if thinking and doesn't notice GLOOMY GIRLS until close to them.*)

GRANDMOTHER. I beg your pardon. I was so busy thinking about the past that I didn't notice you.

3RD GLOOMY GIRL. Your thoughts must have been pleasant for you were smiling as if you were happy.

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, they were. I was thinking of several valentines that I received years ago. I'm an old lady now but I still enjoy Valentine day.

3RD GLOOMY GIRL. Tell us about those valentines you were smiling over, please.

GRANDMOTHER. One was a pretty, paper lace affair with bluebirds and rosebuds and a sweet little verse. It came when I was sick with the measles and I thought it the loveliest thing I'd ever seen. A little boy who was in my class sent it. I kept it for years. Another was oh, *so beautiful!* My aunt sent it from Chicago and I had never seen anything so pretty. I was the proudest little girl in our town. The one that gives the most pleasure to remember was given me by a young man—the same little boy who gave me the first one, grown older. This one was—well, different because (*laughs happily*) it told me he loved me. I promised to marry him when he came over on Valentine day. Never does the fourteenth of February come that I don't think of that valentine. They give a lot of happiness, these pretty valentines, and I hope you girls each get several this year. (*She bows and smiles and passes off.*)

(Enter the VALENTINE CHORUS. They all wear red paper caps and have numerous red hearts basted over their clothes. The GLOOMY GIRLS pass to stand in line at the back of stage; the singers stand grouped at the center.)

VALENTINE SINGERS (*sing to tune of "The Birds' Return," in REVISED GOLDEN BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS.*)

Valentines have come again,
Each with loving token,
Messages to hearts grown cold,
Messages from lovers bold,
Happy thoughts for young and old
Tenderly are spoken.

Say it with a valentine
To one you love dearly;
Valentines for lonely hearts,
Valentines for Cupid darts,
Now the joy of courting starts
We can see it clearly.

ONE MEMBER.

The boys enjoy sending valentines,
Yes, they surely do.

ANOTHER.

And the girls enjoy getting them—
That is *just as true*. (*They pass off.*)

3RD GLOOMY GIRL. Why don't we wear red caps and bright hearts? They'd look prettier than these dark colors.

1ST GLOOMY GIRL. But we're Gloomy Girls and this dark color is quite appropriate.

3RD GLOOMY GIRL. Why not enjoy Valentine Day and be happy like these others?

(Enter the CUPID CHILDREN wearing long white stockings, white bloomers, white jackets, a large red heart on breast, and each carrying a red cupid dart [arrow] of pasteboard covered with red crepe paper. They come on with sly steps and motions.)

CUPID CHILDREN (*sing to tune of "Tis Springtime" in Revised Golden Book of Favorite Songs*).

Young Cupid is coming
With laugh and a smile;
His tricks and his antics
Are now quite the style.

He's sly as weasel
He's swift as a hare;
If you would escape him
You'll have to beware.

(All step forward with right foot, body inclined forward, wave hand, make eyes and throw kisses at audience.)

1ST CUPID CHILD. I see several young folks down there (*points to audience*) who look as if Cupid's arrows had hit them already.

2ND CUPID CHILD. Yes (*points*), there's one I'm sure is in love.

ALL SING.

Young Cupid they us
Long, long ago found
'Tis love that is making
This old world go round;
A valentine find ye

(They go with swinging step, four steps obliquely to right.)

Young folks while ye may,

(Go four steps to the left, smiling at audience.)

And join in the keeping
Of Valentine day.

(Bow with hand on heart, right and left.)

1ST CUPID CHILD. There's a young lady (*points*) who'd like a valentine from a nice young man.

2ND CUPID CHILD. There are a dozen who would. We'll have to get busy. (*They run off gaily.*)

1ST GLOOM GIRL (*as they come up to center*). I'm not going to be a Gloom Girl any longer. Valentines are enough to make us happy in spite of the weather.

2ND GLOOM GIRL. Come, let's cheer up. (*They all hurry off.*)

(All who have taken part come in, some from each side of stage, and group with tableau effect at right and left of the center. The GLOOM GIRLS are the last to come on and each is wearing a red cap and a large red heart on the front of the gray dress. They look happy and smiling.)

ALL (*sing to tune "Lightly Row" in GOLDEN BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS.*)

Valentines, valentines,
Yes, we all like valentines;
Large or small, short or tall,
We like valentines.

Let the storm clouds gather gray,
We will keep our holiday;
Large or small, short or tall,
We like valentines.

CURTAIN

A SHATTERED ROMANCE

The lines are given by a reader off stage. A pretty young woman comes on at one side, a well-dressed young man enters at the opposite side. They meet at center of stage where she halts as he makes an elaborate bow.

READER.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Down to the postoffice, sir," she said.

(*She points off in the direction she is facing and smiles upon him in a flirtatious manner.*)

"May I walk with you, my pretty maid?"
"If your feet aren't crippled, you might," she said.

(*She points to his feet, shrugs shoulders and smiles at him gaily.*)

"And why to the office, my pretty maid?"
"I've a valentine there, perhaps," she said.

(*She tosses her head, clasps hands over heart, rolls her eyes and becomes indifferent as he becomes more ardent in manner.*)

"Take me for your valentine, pretty maid?"
"You'd make a handsome one, sir," she said.

(*He steps back a bit, becomes meditative and looks at her doubtfully as she strikes an enticing pose and smiles at him.*)

"But what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My heart is my fortune, sir," she said.

(She places hands over heart and assumes a demure attitude, glancing at him coyly; he gives a start, looks surprised and hurt, shaking head.)

"Then I can't be your valentine, pretty maid."

(Another young man comes on briskly from behind her, stops by the young woman and offers his arm; she takes it and they go off jauntily, smiling at each other.)

"I've already got one, sir," she said.

(The young man turns and gazes after them, surprised and displeased, taking a "I-can't understand-it" pose, with both hands in pockets, then turns and goes off at other side as if the world were not using him properly.)

KEWIMA'S VALENTINE

The story is to be acted by two men and two women, or by four women, as the lines are given by a reader at the front corner of stage. The costumes are to be humorous, each one of the four wearing a bright band around head with feathers standing upright, and blankets with gaudy colors, dark blankets with various bright patches pinned on will answer.

READER. Many years ago on a far western prairie dwelt a band of roving Indians. Kewima, a large, fat old squaw, was a leader among the women and she considered that her word was law. Few dared to brook her displeasure. Her chief pride was her handsome daughter, young Nesmina whom many braves admired.

(KEWIMA comes on with proud manner, looks about, then sits on floor. NESMINA comes on later and stands by her mother, looking off into distance.)

Among those who wanted to make Nesmina his wife was old Crowfoot, a sour old chief whom Kewima favored because he had many ponies and a store of fine furs and blankets. He would make a rich husband said old Kewima.

(CROWFOOT comes on, grunts a salutation to the women and sits, looking down at the floor indifferently. KEWIMA grunts at him pleasantly, and smiles at him. NESMINA pays no attention to him.)

Nesmina scorned the attentions of Crowfoot because she was in love with another, having given the affection of her ardent maiden heart to Birdnest, a young brave, nice-looking but poor. As yet he had barely enough skins to make a wigwam. Kewima never made him welcome even though he brought her some fish or a sage hen.

(BIRDNEST comes on, makes salutation to KEWIMA and stands with folded arms gazing at NESMINA who smiles at him coyly. KEWIMA turns her back upon him.)

When old Crowfoot came to her wigwam courting the fair Nesmina, the old squaw would invite him to join them in a dance, intending to show that he was welcome. Birdnest was not asked to take part.

(KEWIMA gets up, motions to CROWFOOT and NESMINA to join her; the three form a circle and go around slowly, dancing Indian style, working hands up and down and keeping up a "ki-a-wy"ing, part of the time low and gutteral then at times loud and shrill. KEWIMA should take part vigorously. BIRDNEST stands watching them stolidly, then turns and goes off.)

Old Crowfoot, in spite of his years, was still vigorous and he danced with a vim that should have pleased Nesmina; but she, caring only for the young Birdnest, gave no thought to his efforts. When Kewima gave the order the dance would cease.

(She gives the command for them to stop and the three sit, each looking at floor as if alone.)

Crowfoot had no time for the white people. He despised them and their ways; but Birdnest was up-to-date. He liked to know what was going on out where the white men lived. He often made little trips, looking eagerly about for new ideas. On one of his visits to a village he discovered valen-

tines and learned that the paleface used them to express their affection and to tell young women of their love. Birdnest was so pleased that he bought a bright and showy valentine to take to Nesmina. He was keeping it for the proper moment. When Kewima treated him so coldly this day he decided to give her the valentine to win her favor, so he hurried to his wigwam for it. Old Crowfoot finally told Kewima that in two moons he would take Nesmina home to his teepee to be his squaw.

(He motions to himself, to NESMINA, off toward his wigwam, and holds up two fingers, pointing up to the sky where the moon is supposed to be, giving occasional grunts.)

Kewima is pleased and nods her consent, but the young maiden fiercely made known her objections. She tells Kewima that her heart is given to Birdnest.

(KEWIMA nods "Yes," and motions that CROWFOOT may have NESMINA; the girl angrily shakes head "No," points to her heart and then off where BIRDNEST disappeared.)

Crowfoot, well pleased with himself, takes his homeward way, exulting in his victory over the young brave.

(With a grunt to KEWIMA and holding up two fingers to NESMINA, he goes.)

Birdnest soon comes hurrying back, the fancy valentine in a white envelope. He presents it with explanations to Kewima, telling her he is giving it to her because he likes her. Fortunately the pretty heart-shaped treasure, so different from anything she had ever seen, pleased her.

(BIRDNEST pretends to talk, making many gestures, and KEWIMA, gazing at the valentine as if fascinated, shows her pleasure and approval.)

The young brave told Kewima he was fond of Nesmina because she had such a fine mother; he read her the lines on the valentine. Now Birdnest could not read English but the

clerk in the store had read him the pretty sentiment. Birdnest did not remember the lines but he was a bright fellow so he made up some which said :

Your smile is sweet,
Your eyes are jet;
You are a handsome
Woman yet.

This made Kewima laugh with pleasure. Nesmina pretended to be sad because Birdnest had given the beautiful token to her mother instead of to her, which also pleased the old squaw.

(BIRDNEST *explains the valentine with many gestures and pretended talk while NESMINA gets in some good acting. The old squaw becomes quite enthused.*)

At just the right minute Birdnest revealed to Kewima his plan to wed Nesmina in one more moon, and the daughter made it quite plain that she favored the idea. Kewima beaming with smiles gave her consent.

(BIRDNEST *acts it all out, pointing to himself, to NESMINA, off to his wigwam, patting his heart to let the mother know it was badly affected. NESMINA does her share and the mother nods consent.*)

Rising, the pleased squaw hugs the valentine to her ample breast as she invites the young folks to join her in a betrothal dance. Birdnest and Nesmina enter into the affair with a spirit that would have warmed the heart of Saint Valentine himself.

(*They start out slowly, going around in a circle and "ki-a-wy'ing solemnly; then they get to going faster and making more noise.*)

LORA'S VALENTINES**CHARACTERS****LORA, a young lady****LUCY, the maid****BOB****ARTHUR**
JACK**LORA'S admirers**

SCENE. *The livingroom.* Since it may be difficult to secure high-backed couch or davenport, make one by putting four chairs together padding them with comforts and covering with a couch cover or a fancy blanket. Add several pretty cushions. At one end of couch have a folded blanket or fancy quilt. A table stands at one side of room; several chairs are at hand.

(Enter LORA who sits in easy chair.)

LORA. I wonder if Jack will come tonight. Since it is Valentine eve he ought to bring me a lovely valentine. I do hope Bob and Arthur won't come. Bob brings me just wonderful candy and I'd like to have a box of it for a valentine, but I don't want him here if Jack should come. Arthur gives me some grand rides in his car and he's a speeder, too. I do like to go fast. I must keep him on the string because he takes me out quite often, but I hope he won't come tonight for I'm almost sure Jack will come.

(Enter LUCY.)

LUCY. Miss Lora, you won't be wearing your brown hat tonight, will you? If you go out you should wear your new one—it sure looks swell on you, Miss Lora. You'd sure catch a valentine with that hat on.

LORA. I ought to wear the brown one; it looks a little like a storm and I don't want to spoil my new one.

LUCY. Oh, no, it isn't going to storm, I'm sure. You wear your new hat and look stylish. You see, I—really, it's dreadful becoming to me and I want to borrow your brown hat. I want to go to the movies.

LORA. But this isn't your night out, Lucy.

LUCY. Oh, shucks, now, you won't be telling on me if I slip out for just while. I'll not go till late so what harm is there in going with the deliv'ry man from the grocery? He's real swell, honest. I won't be gone so very long. Your ma will never know I'm gone, cause she's goin' to that party.

LORA. You can't go till late for I want you to do something for me, Lucy. If you will I'll let you wear my brown hat.

LUCY. Just you tell me what it is. I'll help you out, sure.

LORA. I think Jack may come this evening—it's Valentine eve, you know; but I'm just scared that Bob or Arthur, or maybe both of them may come, too.

LUCY. Now wouldn't that be a heck of a mix-up? Three fellows wanting you for a valentine, maybe.

LORA. I want you to come in to announce any of them who come.

LUCY. Like a English butler, I s'pose. (*Stiff bow and speaking very condescendingly.*) Mr. Barnett, ma'am.

LORA. Yes, that way. If I already have one caller you keep the next one out until I can get rid of the first.

LUCY. Sure, I'll do that and I'll not go to the show till I'm sure no one else will come. Don't forget to leave the brown hat where I'll find it. (*Exit.*)

LORA. I hope Bob and Arthur won't come. Jack will be so peeved to find them here, and Arthur will be vexed to have Bob here—what shall I do? (*Thinks.*) I have a plan. I'll see how it will work. (*Laughs.*)

(Enter LUCY followed by BOB.)

LUCY (*imitating butler*). Mr. Bob Sinclair, Miss. (*Exit.*)

BOB (*heartily*). Hello, Lora. I thought I'd come over and see if you won't be my sweet little Valentine tonight. Gee, you're looking great. Glad to see me?

LORA. Of course I am. Be seated and tell me something nice.

BOB (*offering box he has under his arm*). Sweets to the sweet and may I be your valentine? (*Dramatically.*)

I love you fine;
Won't you be mine? (*Sits.*)

LORA. Of course I won't, but I'll accept your candy and thanks a million. (*Puts box on table.*) You're a darling to bring it.

BOB. Of course, it isn't good for you and it will make you get fat, but never mind; I'll love you when you're fat, as much again as that.

LORA. How are you getting on at the store?

BOB. Fine. I was promoted today. They took me out of the basement and put me to work in the attic. I'm going up fast.

LORA. If your salary would rise too, you'd be sitting pretty.

BOB. What is salary to me, young lady? So long as I have enough to buy you some candy once in a while I'm happy. By the way, I hope Art Wilson doesn't come here tonight. This is *my* night. That bozo needn't come butting in.

LORA. I hope he doesn't, of course. We can be so cozy here by our little selves.

(*Enter LUCY.*)

LUCY. I beg your pardon, Miss Lora, Mr. Arthur Wilson is here. Shall I show him in?

LORA. Yes, presently, Lucy. (*Aside.*) Not too quick, remember. (*LUCY goes out.*)

BOB. Aw, my gee, why couldn't that old ash can have stayed where he belongs?

LORA. Here, Bobby, quick. You hide behind the davenport and I'll get rid of him. If he finds you here, he never

will go because he'll have to outstay you. (He gets behind the davenport, out of sight.)

(Enter ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR. Good evening, Queen of my heart. I hope you're feeling as well as you look. You're enough to make an American Beauty rose droop with envy.

LORA (*sitting*). Oh, have a chair and stop saying such silly things. How's your indigestion? (*He sits.*)

ARTHUR. Indigestion? Why, I'm not troubled with indigestion, never.

LORA. Oh, I thought maybe it was indigestion that made you talk so foolishly.

ARTHUR. Say, you just wait until I get to really making love to you and you'll think I've got hydrophobia. By the way, don't you know this is Valentine eve? Won't you be my valentine and ride in my speedy car with me the rest of your life? (*Bob sticks head up above davenport and shakes fist toward him, then dodges down.*)

LORA. Of course I won't be your valentine. Do you think you could support me on your salary?

ARTHUR. Who said anything about supporting you? We'd let your Pa do that. (*Laughs.*) It's all I can do to keep myself and my car going. I've got to go to Condon on business tomorrow—want to go along? I'd love to have you.

LORA. Of course I'll go—just pleased purple to have the chance. (*Thinks.*) You'll have to go before long though, so I can do some work—got to fix a dress to wear.

ARTHUR. I'm glad I didn't find that moon-eyed pike of a Bob Sinclair here. I can't understand what you see in that mutt. (*Bob sticks up head and shakes fist, then ducks down.*)

LORA. Why, he isn't so bad. Of course he isn't so handsome or entertaining as you are. (*Bob sticks up head and stares open-mouthed, makes face then ducks.*)

(Enter LUCY.)

LUCY. I beg your pardon, Miss Lora, but Mr. Jack Benson is here. Shall I show him in?

LORA. In a few minutes, Lucy. (*Aside.*) Not too soon, remember. (*LUCY goes out.*)

ARTHUR. Oh, lightning and blue mud! What did that pig-headed kangaroo have to come for? Send him home. I'm here tonight.

LORA (*jumping up*). Here, dodge down under the table and I'll hide you, then maybe I can get rid of him. If he finds you here he'll outstay you.

ARTHUR. Get rid of him quick. (*He gets down under table; she grabs the blanket from the couch and unfolding it spreads it over the table, so it hangs to floor and hides Arthur.*)

(Enter JACK.)

JACK. Good evening, angel. What ails that maid of yours? She kept me out there telling me how nicely the color of my necktie matches my eyes. I was afraid I wasn't going to get away from her. How are you? Beautiful as ever, I see. (*Sits.*)

LORA (*sitting*). Lucy is all right. She was merely trying to be nice to you. Didn't you bring me a valentine?

JACK. Dearest lady, you'll get it tomorrow—on Valentine Day in the morning. I came now to ask you to go to the play. It's very good; let's rush so we won't be late.

LORA. Oh, I'm crazy to go. I'll be ready in one minute—just get my hat and coat. (*She hurries off.*)

JACK. Glad she'll go. (*Rises and comes to front.*) Fortunate I didn't find that wooden-headed Bob Sinclair, or that rattle-brained Art Wilson hanging round here. They must tire Lora to death. Well, I'll take her out and show her a real time, the darling.

(Enter LORA wearing coat and hat.)

LORA. I'm ready, Jack. Let's hurry so we won't be late. (*Exeunt.*)

BOB (*jumping up angrily from behind davenport*). I'll be hung if this isn't the limit! A sweet little Valentine she is—the flapper!

ARTHUR (*hastily crawling from under table and jumping to his feet*). You here, too? What you sneaking down there for, behind that couch, you deceitful chump?

BOB. Ye-ah, and what you skulking down under that table for, you big pickled pig's feet? I've a notion to lick you. (*They glare at each other.*)

ARTHUR. I've a notion to cut your heart out and send it to that detestable little vamping piece of calico that got us into this fix, for a valentine. (*Makes threatening notions at Bob.*)

BOB. Say, if this isn't the meanest low-down trick a girl ever played on two fellows who are too good to even look at her homely face. I never have liked her.

ARTHUR. Neither have I. I don't see what I came down here for tonight. I must have been crazy.

BOB. Me too. To think of her going off and leaving us just to go to a show with that green-eyed rotten potato. Did you hear what he called me?

ARTHUR. Well, did you hear what he called me? I'll show him where he's going to fall when I meet him on a dark night.

BOB. Let's get out of here and *stay out*. What say we go see Madge and Myrtle Lawrence—they're real girls.

ARTHUR. Let's take them to a show. I like Myrtle, she's a real queen. I'm going to give her that valentine I've got at home. Glad the young snip who treated us this way won't get a peek at it.

BOB. I'm off with her till death. Oh, gee, here's the candy I brought her! We'll take it to Madge and Myrtle. Come on. (*Gets box of candy from table and they go off happily.*)

SNARING THE OWL

A play of long-ago, with setting in the western part of England.

CHARACTERS

RODNEY
ELBERT
DAVE
MARY

SARAH
OLD TAMAR
BANBY, *the inn-keeper*

SCENE. *Kitchen of the inn, with a table, chairs, pots, tins and pans hanging upon the wall. The room is in darkness.*

OLD TAMAR wears a black gown, a white collar, apron and small black lace cap with ribbon bows; the two girls have gowns with tight fitting waists and full skirts reaching to ankles.

(Enter RODNEY, ELBERT and DAVE, the latter carrying a lighted candle.)

DAVE (*placing candle on table*). It is full early to have to be stirring about.

RODNEY. True, but the day of Saint Valentine comes once a year only. It will not hurt us to be out early.

ELBERT. Methinks I'll go back to bed. I have no taste for this foolish piece of work. An' well it may be termed work; at least 'tis no play.

RODNEY. You cannot return to bed since you gave your word to help us. We can find no one else at so late an hour.

ELBERT (*sleepily*). You two can do without me. Is it then such a difficult task to snare an old owl?

DAVE. Not so, but well you know there must be three single men together; it is the custom of many years.

RODNEY. Yea, three of us, before daylight on St. Valentine's day, must snare with a clap-net an old owl and two sparrows, bringing them back alive and unhurt.

ELBERT. Then lead the way. Let us be going if we are to get back before the women are stirring. Where's the clap-net? Grant that Saint Valentine gives us good luck.

DAVE (*picking up a white cloth attached to a handle*). Here is the clap-net, an' a good one 'tis, for didst I myself not make it? Now let us fare forth. (*He blows out candle; they go out.*)

(Enter TAMAR, *with shawl about her.*)

TAMAR (*lighting candle*). So that is the plan. Who could be here, this early of a morn, I could not imagine. Faith, I had forgotten 'twas St. Valentine's day. (*Yawns.*) The young scapegoats, to get me down so early, disturbing my slumbers when I sorely needed rest. I'm glad I heard what they were saying, for now I shall be ready. If St. Valentine does not help them, perhaps Tamar can. (*Sits.*) I might take a nap in my chair. (*Closes eyes, then head nods.*)

(Enter MARY, *wearing white nightcap and with shawl about her.*)

MARY. What is it, Tamar? Is it that you are sick, getting up thus before the dawn? I heard you stirring about and was sure something was wrong. You do not look sick, thanks be.

TAMAR. Naught is wrong. 'Tis only those young men who have been staying with us—Elbert, Dave and Rod. They woke me up, stirring about upstairs, and I came down to see what mischief they were up to at this time of the day. Yea, and I found out. (*Laughs.*)

MARY. What are they going to do, Tamar?

TAMAR. Hast thou forgotten what this day is?

MARY. Indeed, no. 'Tis the Saint Valentine day, Tamar. What then?

TAMAR. The three young men have gone for the owl and two sparrows which must be caught with a clap-net and brought here to the inn before any woman is stirring, or they cannot demand their three pots of purl.

MARY. Too bad for them that they will find us up when they come back. They will be sorry to miss their pots of purl, Mistress Tamar.

TAMAR. I am thinking that it is not for the purl Rodney is working, but rather that the snared birds may have a favorable influence upon the mating of certain young people—himself among them, eh, Mary?

MARY (*confused*). How can I—how should I know what he wishes?

TAMAR. Is it not myself who has seen the glances he casts in your direction? Have I not passed enough St. Valentine days to read the signs of love, eh, Mary?

MARY. But Sarah likes him. It is she who wants his smiles this Valentine day. Sarah is a comely maid, Mistress Tamar. Of course she will win him.

TAMAR. We shall see what we shall see. Go back to thy couch and seek sleep. 'Tis too early yet to be stirring.

MARY (*yawning*). An' you say so, I'll go. I think my eyes still need slumber; but fail not to call me in time to help you. (*Exit.*)

TAMAR. The owl is a wise bird, and Tamar is a wise old woman. We'll see what we can do to make this an eventful day. Now for a bit more sleep. (*Blows out candle and goes off.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

(*As above. Enter the three young men, RODNEY carrying a box.*)

DAVE (*excitedly*). Thanks be. We are back before the women of the inn are stirring. They must present us with three pots of purl. Faith, I can drink all three. 'Twas a cold tramp. (*Lights candle.*)

ELBERT (*sitting*). Such a lot of work for a mere superstition. What a pack of foolishness.

RODNEY (*setting box down carefully*). We have them here, the old owl and two sparrows. So, far, so good. If we get the spiced purl, free from the keeper of this inn, and the birds bring at least one of us—myself, to speak plainly, success in the task of securing a mate, I shall say it has well been worth the trouble. (*He and DAVE sit.*)

ELBERT. The maids do not interest me. I shall get another hour of slumber (*scoffingly*) so be it that you two can watch these birds. (*Exit.*)

DAVE. Thinkest thou, Rodney, to try for a mate this Valentine day?

RODNEY. And why not, if perchance the maid I want fancies me? You know there is an old saying:

Bachelors who'd married be
Ere the Easter candles shine
Should make their prayers full lustily
To the good Saint Valentine.

DAVE. To tell you truly, I'd take it right gladly if a certain young woman would take me for her valentine this day. (*Stretches and yawns.*) Canst thou remain with the birds if I snatch a few winks of sleep?

RODNEY. Go along, sleepy pate. I'll stay here ready to claim our drinks of purl. (*DAVE goes off.*) A hot drink would not come amiss at this very moment.

(*Enter BANBY.*)

RODNEY (*rising and bowing*). Good morrow, Mr. Inn-keeper. Three bowls of purl, an' it please thee, for myself and my two friends who snared the old owl and two sparrows.

BANBY. What—of a truth? Worse luck to those dallying women. I am just here now to call them, thinking to get them here before any of you single men came with your valentine birds, claiming free drinks from my inn. (*Cheerfully.*) Ah, well, I shall consider them drinks well given away if some young man finds a mate this day. Tamar is a good hand at spicing purl to one's taste; she shall prepare

it for you men later. I must see why she delays our breakfast.

RODNEY. Do not hurry her, good inn-keeper. We are in no haste.

BANBY. Let women be on time, I say. (*Exit.*)

(Enter TAMAR.)

TAMAR (*feigning surprise*). What? A young man here already, before the sun has brightened the east? What is it you would have so early?

RODNEY. Three pots of purl, for myself and two friends who have here in the clap-trap the old owl and two sparrows. Hast thou forgotten this is St. Valentine's day?

TAMAR. Of a truth—so 'tis. How could I have overslept? May the day bring you more than the pot of purl, good Rodney. (*Exit.*)

(Enter SARAH.)

SARAH. Good morrow, and a good valentine for you, friend Rodney. Hast thou really been snaring already this morning? Art thou then hoping Saint Valentine will bring thee a mate this day?

RODNEY. Well, is not that your wish also?

SARAH. Surely. Are we not told by those who know best:

“Then be not coy but use your time,
And while ye may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.”

RODNEY. The young man will do well who wins you, fair Sarah.

SARAH. Come; bring your birds. I will show you a box for them. They do not favor being shut in that trap. Do not offend them or they may work you ill on this day. (*She leads off; he follows with the birds.*)

(Enter MARY.)

MARY. There, it is Sarah who is winning him with her smiles. I have feared it might be so. (Sadly.) He is a fine young man—why should I expect him to look on me with favor? Sarah does well to set her cap for him. She is more winsome than I. But I had hoped that—(sighs).

(Enter TAMAR.)

TAMAR. Why art thou not smiling upon young Rodney, Mary? He is a likely mate.

MARY. Oh, Tamar, he does not think of me. 'Tis Sarah who is winning him. 'Tis better so perhaps.

TAMAR. The owl, St. Valentine and I will think about it. Where is Rodney? Could you send him to me? You and Sarah prepare the cakes. It grows late. (MARY goes off.) I must make this a merry Valentine day. (Works about kitchen; she blows out candle and the room is lighted to show dawn.)

(Enter RODNEY.)

RODNEY. What will you have, Mistress Tamar?

TAMAR. Why not you and I make a match this day? Why not help Dave win Mary? She is a fine lass.

RODNEY (amazed). Dave? Mary? Why, I—it seems to me—

TAMAR. She should have a husband. David is a likely fellow, and this is Valentine day.

RODNEY. I—no, not Dave. I—

TAMAR (as if suddenly inspired). You would be a fine mate for Mary.

RODNEY. I—I wanted to tell her today that I—I—

TAMAR. Then tell her now, now before someone else does, while I am fixing the purl. (Exit.)

RODNEY. Dave shall not have her, the sly one. He—shall—not.

(Enter MARY.)

MARY (*surprised*). You here? I thought—that—

RODNEY. I am waiting to tell you, Mary, to—ask you to be my valentine. I want you, Mary.

MARY. Oh, Rodney, you don't mean that—you can't mean that—

RODNEY. I mean I want you for my wife, Mary. This is mating day, will you not give me your promise? (*She gives him her hand, smiling coyly at him.*)

(Enter DAVE and SARAH.)

DAVE (*happily*). The birds have brought us luck. Sarah has promised to—

SARAH. To keep him straight and make him do as I bid. He needs one like me to take him in hand.

(Enter BANBY.)

BANBY. Come, come, young women. Does not Mistress Tamar need thy help with breakfast? These fellows must be starved.

MARY (*happily*). Come, Sarah, let us look to our work. (Exeunt.)

BANBY. I am sure Tamar has some fine purl ready. We will drink it hoping for a propitious day for you young men who need wives. Let us go.

DAVE. We'll drink the purl, good inn-keeper, but our birds and St. Valentine have already brought us our hearts' desire.

BANBY. Come, let me propose a toast to your health and happiness. (He leads and they follow off.)

CURTAIN

SAM GETS A VALENTINE

CHARACTERS

MRS. PURDY, *boarding house mistress*
MRS. VAN ETTA, *good-looking widow*
JOHN HANLEY

SAMUEL
ELI CASS

SCENE. *Livingroom of the boarding house.*

MRS. PURDY, HANLEY and CASS are discovered.

MRS. PURDY. Well, gentlemen, since tomorrow is Valentine day I suppose you'll each be sending some nice lady a fine valentine. (*She is putting room straight and dusting.*)

HANLEY (*looking up from paper*). What's that? Valentine day already? I guess 'tis, but I don't know who I'd send a valentine to.

CASS. W'y, now, if there was some real nice lady who'd be glad to have it, I believe I *would* send her a valentine. Might make me feel sort of young again. Yes, sir, I believe it *would*.

MRS. PURDY. I thought all you men would be sending Mrs. Van Etta a valentine. You all seem to like her real well and she's sure a good-looking widow. She's nice, too. I like her fine.

HANLEY. Say, why hadn't I thought of that? She and I are getting real friendly. She's a pleasant woman all right.

CASS. Yes, she is. I'm quite well acquainted with her since I began to lend her my paper nights to read. I wonder if she'd like a pretty valentine.

MRS. PURDY. Of course. Every woman likes valentines and she doesn't get too old to appreciate 'em. I'm surprised that Mrs. Van Etta doesn't get married again. I've been expecting some of you men to snap her up—if she'd have you. (*Exit.*)

HANLEY. It has been a long time since I sent a woman a valentine. I don't think I better start in again. Want to

take a look at this paper? (*Tosses paper to CASS and goes off.*)

CASS (*after looking at paper a moment*). I've a good notion to send Mrs. Van Etta a valentine. (*Gets up and comes toward front.*)

(*Enter BARNES who stands unobserved by CASS, at back of room.*)

CASS. Come to think of it, why shouldn't I try to win Mrs. Van Etta? I make a good living; I'm a good-looking fellow with one of the best dispositions in the world. She could do a lot worse and I ought to have a wife. I'm going to send her a swell valentine to start out the courtship. John Hanley is too stingy to send her one, and Sam Barnes is too slow to think of such a thing. I'll get in ahead of them and win the widow, sure as my name's Eli. (*BARNES slips quietly off.*) Yes, sir, I'm going to besiege her heart and hand. (*Goes off, opposite side from BARNES.*)

(*Enter HANLEY from side CASS went off.*)

HANLEY. Mrs. Purdy gave me an idea. (*He stands near front, talking musingly. BARNES comes on and stands at back, listening.*) I ought to be getting married. I'm making a good salary and I'd be one the most agreeable men in the world to live with. I'm better looking than either Eli Cass or Sam Barnes. I'm going to start right in and court Mrs. Van Etta. I'll send her a valentine. Maybe I can find a pretty one that don't cost a lot. Yes, sir, with old Saint Valentine's help, who knows what may happen? (*Laughs in a pleased manner.*) I'll go to the stores right now. (*Exit.*)

(*BARNES, who slipped off just before HANLEY left, comes on and up to the front.*)

BARNES. Well, the gall of those two big boobs. Here I've been trying to play sweet to Jennie Van Etta for the last three months—nothing very ardent, of course, but getting acquainted with her and letting her see that I'm the sort

who would make a mighty good husband. Now they think they're going to send her a valentine and start in courting her away from me. That close old John Hanley, I'll bet he won't spend more'n twenty-five cents for a valentine for her. I'll show 'em—w'y, I'm better looking than the two of 'em put together. I'll get ahead of 'em or know why not. I'm going to my room and think up some way that St. Valentine can help me to get ahead of those two mutts. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Mrs. VAN ETTA.*)

MRS. VAN ETTA (*sitting*). I'm tired of staying in my room; I'll sit down here and do my fancy work. I believe I'm lonesome tonight. I wish I had some one to talk to. (*Starts fancy work.*)

(*Enter Mrs. PURDY.*)

MRS. PURDY (*dropping into chair*). Oh, I'm dead tired. Nobody knows how much work it is to run this boarding house. Always something to do and the work never done.

MRS. VAN ETTA. Sit and rest awhile. It will do you good.

MRS. PURDY. Rest? Why, I've got to go down to the store this very minute and see about some things I need. I wondered if you would just as soon sit here and answer the bell and the telephone while I'm gone. I'll try to hurry.

MRS. VAN ETTA. Yes, I'll stay here and look after things. You needn't rush.

MRS. PURDY. You're kind. I hope St. Valentine sends you a pretty remembrance to pay you for helping me.

MRS. VAN ETTA. That's so, tomorrow is Valentine day. I hadn't thought of it before. I wonder how it would seem to get a valentine.

MRS. PURDY. It would seem jolly. I hope you get two or three. (*Rises.*) I must start or I'll never get back. (*Exit.*)

(Enter BARNES, *quite spruced-up.*)

BARNES. What good luck. I was hoping I'd find you here, so we could have a visit and here you are. I hope you don't mind if I bother you. (*Sits.*)

MRS. VAN ETTA (*sweetly*). You won't bother a bit. I'm glad to have you talk to me.

BARNES. I've been thinking about my old Uncle Peter. He had a lot of good sound sense.

MRS. VAN ETTA. Oh, a lot of men do, Mr. Barnes.

BARNES. Now Uncle Peter used to say, "When you want a thing, just go after it and keep after it until you get it."

MRS. VAN ETTA. That sounds like good sense.

BARNES. So I've been thinking that if I took Uncle Peter's advice and that of St. Valentine, why, I—I—ought —to—

MRS. VAN ETTA. St. Valentine—what advice did he give?

BARNES. Why, er—that—folks ought to find mates on the fourteenth of February. Or I guess he did. Anyway, they ought to.

MRS. VAN ETTA (*startled*). Oh, do you think so?

BARNES. I'm so sure of it that I—I—it's certainly bold of me to say so, but—well, Uncle Peter would say, "Go ahead and tell her and don't give up till she gives in."

MRS. VAN ETTA. Then why don't you try it, Mr. Barnes.

BARNES (*desperately*). I *am* trying to, but I don't know how to get started. I'm not used to proposing to women.

MRS. VAN ETTA (*surprised*). Are you trying to propose to me?

BARNES. I surely am, and I'm not making much headway. I wouldn't make such a bad husband, honest I wouldn't. Seeing this is Valentine eve, couldn't you say that—that—you'll be my valentine?

MRS. VAN ETTA. I'm afraid you don't care about me.

BARNES (*jumping up*). Care? Why, I think you're grand, wonderful! I've been thinking so for weeks, only I'm so —so sort of slow. Why, I've got an awful big heart and I love you with all of it. What's the reason you won't have me, Jennie?

MRS. VAN ETTA. Who—said—I—wouldn't? (*Beams on him coyly.*) I think folks ought to observe Valentine day appropriately.

BARNES (*kneeling before her and taking her hands*). Darling Peach Blossom, *will you be my wifely valentine?* You'll make such a wonderful one.

MRS. VAN ETTA. I've liked you better and better as we got acquainted and I'm going to say yes, for—oh, some one is coming. (*He jumps up, goes over and stands sedately at front.*)

BARNES. Yes, I think the political situation in Russia is improving.

(*Enter MRS. PURDY.*)

MRS. PURDY. I do hope you didn't think I was gone long.

MRS. VAN ETTA. No, indeed. Mr. Barnes has been talking to me ever so entertainingly.

MRS. PURDY. I'll go see what is going on in the kitchen. (*Exit.*)

BARNES. Dearest, let's go to a show—I'm so happy.

MRS. VAN ETTA. Yes, let's. I'll get ready right away. (*Exit.*)

BARNES. I said I'd show Cass and Hanley. Won't they rave, the pie-faced ash cans? (*Exit.*)

(*Enter HANLEY.*)

HANLEY. I hope Mrs. Van Etta likes the valentine I bought for her. I got a real pretty one. (*Ruefully.*) It cost me forty cents—that's a lot to waste on a woman.

(*Enter CASS.*)

CASS. Oh, you here, John? Been down to the store?

HANLEY. Yes, I thought I'd buy me—a—a—handkerchief.

CASS. Good idea. They come in handy.

(Enter BARNES and MRS. VAN ETTA, ready for street.)

BARNES. Hello, fellows. Sit down and make yourselves at home. Mrs. Van Etta and I are going to a show. By the way, she has—promised to be my valentine. We're going to be married.

MRS. VAN ETTA (*smiling on them*). Isn't that nice for us? (Exeunt.)

HANLEY (*as he and Cass stand staring after them*). Did—did he say they're going to get—married?

CASS. Yes, he did, the old garbage can. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?

HANLEY. The old kangaroo has surely got his nerve.

CASS. While I was out hunting up a valentine for her that cost me ninety-five cents, he stays here and proposes to her.

HANLEY (*horrified*). Ninety-five cents? Mine only cost me forty. I'm glad I didn't go any higher.

CASS (*bitterly*). Who'd have thought old Sam would play us a trick like that? (He and HANLEY sit, gloomily.)

HANLEY. A nice Valentine Day we'll have.

CURTAIN

UNCLE VICK'S VALENTINE

CHARACTERS

VICTOR HOLMES, *an elderly man.*

MRS. JENNIE LANE, *a designing relative.*

LUCRETIA, *her haughty daughter.*

MADGE, *her jolly daughter of sixteen.*

SCENE I: *Livingroom in the Lane home.*

MRS. LANE and LUCRETIA are discovered talking; MADGE at one side reading.

MRS. LANE. You know that day after tomorrow is Valentine Day?

LUCRETIA. Well, what of it? I hope you aren't expecting a valentine—at your age.

MRS. LANE. Indeed, I'm not so old. I don't see why—

LUCRETIA (*interrupting*). Goodness, don't get sentimental. I can't stand sentimental women of your age.

MRS. LANE. But I'm telling you that I'm—indeed, I'm *not* old. As for that, why couldn't *you* send me a valentine? Plenty of daughters remember their mothers that way. I think it's nice.

LUCRETIA. Oh, you do! Well, as close as you are with money I guess I haven't any to waste on valentines. I haven't even enough to get me the new silk hose I need.

MRS. LANE (*throwing up hands*). More silk hose! Of all the—

LUCRETIA. Now hush. I will *not* listen to an economy lecture.

MRS. LANE. I was talking about Valentine day. I think we should send Uncle Vick a nice valentine.

LUCRETIA. Well, why? We're not indebted to him. If you have money to waste on that cranky antique just give it to me. I need it.

MRS. LANE. We may as well use a little diplomacy. You know Uncle Victor has quite a lump of money and we should keep on the good side of him. I'd like to have some of his thousands. I could certainly use them and as for you girls—

LUCRETIA. Yes, I could use any amount of his money. Perhaps it will be a good idea to send him a valentine. It may please the old fellow; but don't spend much on it.

MRS. LANE (*rising*). I've already bought it. I like to have him think we care for him. I want you to see it. (*Goes to table, gets valentine and shows LUCRETIA.*)

LUCRETIA. You didn't have to get such a fine one.

MRS. LANE. Now you write my name for me. I hate to write. Just say, "With best love from Jennie."

MADGE (*jumping up*). Let me write it for you. I like to write. Then I'll wrap it up and mail it when I go to the library.

LUCRETIA. Write it and welcome. I have something else to do. (*Exit.*)

MRS. LANE. Yes, and fix it nicely, Madge, and mail it, that's a good girl. I'll go see about dinner. (*Exit.*)

MADGE (*looking at valentine*). Surely a pretty one. Mom didn't stint on the price. Nice old Uncle Vick will be pleased. We ought to have him here living with us. I wouldn't mind but mom and 'Cretia won't bother with him. I wonder why he doesn't get married. He's not so very old. I know he likes Sarah Goodwin. He'd propose to her if he had a little encouragement. (*Roguishly.*) I have it. I'm going to help the match along. I don't believe in our trying to get his money. Let him marry Sarah Goodwin and have some one to look after him. (*Gets pen and ink.*) I'm going to write on this, "With best wishes from your sincere friend Sarah." I think it will be real romantic for him to marry her. (*Sits and writes.*) Won't mom and 'Cretia be angry? They'll want to skin me alive—if they ever find out. (*Laughs.*) I'm going to help Saint Valentine mate off some these folks who ought to get married. Now I'll take this upstairs and get it ready to mail. How pleased Uncle Vick will be when he sees Sarah's name. (*Goes out laughing.*)

SCENE II: *Same as above. MRS. LANE and LUCRETIA enter talking.*

MRS. LANE. I wonder if Uncle Victor liked his valentine. He'll likely be coming over to see us soon and thank me. (*They sit.*)

LUCRETIA. I hope you won't have to ask him to stay for dinner. He makes me tired, telling his silly old stories for the forty-ninth time.

(*Enter MADGE.*)

MADGE. Uncle Vick is coming. I saw him turning the corner. I hardly knew him, he's walking so spry.

LUCRETIA (*scoffingly*). Probably pepped him up to get that nice valentine. I suppose he'll gush like a freshet in spring.

MADGE. Don't you say anything sarcastic to him, you two. He's a good old fellow.

(Enter UNCLE VICK.)

UNCLE VICK. How-de-do, folks. Glad to see you. Hope you're well. Thought it was time I ran over to see how you're getting along. (*Sits, grinning at one after another*.)

MRS. LANE. We're glad you came over, Uncle. Are you feeling quite well?

UNCLE VICK. Fine. Fine. Don't know when I've felt so young. Madge, I'll wager I can beat you in a foot-race. (*Laughs gaily*.) Yes, sir, I'm fine. I want to tell you that—

MADGE (*anxiously*). Isn't your rheumatism troubling you at all? (*Aside*.) I hope he doesn't tell what was written on that valentine.

UNCLE VICK (*jumping up and dancing on one foot then the other*). Not a twinge. We're going to California for a wedding trip if I keep on feeling this well.

MRS. LANE (*amazed*). To California? A—a—wedding—trip? Who's— (*very excited*) who's wedding trip?

UNCLE VICK (*delightedly*). Mine and Sarah's. Now what do you think, a fine woman like Sarah willing to marry an old galoot like me. Won't it be splendid for me to have her?

MRS. LANE (*near to tears*). But, I—I—can't see—the idea of you wanting to marry—at your age. I—I'm just so—shocked.

UNCLE VICK. Sarah don't think I'm so old. No, sir, she thinks I'm a pretty good catch. Why, why I—when I got—

MADGE (*quickly*). I think it's fine, Uncle. Are you going to be married soon?

UNCLE VICK. Well, course Sarah's got to have some time to get rigged up but I think it'll come off in 'bout six weeks. You see, I didn't s'pose she'd have me—though I'm not such a bad catch if I ain't a spring chicken, but when I got that—

MADGE. And are you really going way to California? I think that will be a grand honeymoon.

LUCRETIA (*aside*). Yes, moon is what he'll do, the silly old thing.

UNCLE VICK. Yes, sir, California. Sarah's never been there.

MRS. LANE (*mournfully*). Neither have I. It's so sad to think we're going to lose you—that is, as good as lose you with you married. We've always thought so much of you, Uncle Vick. (*Wipes eyes.*)

UNCLE VICK. I might not have got up courage to ask Sarah but when—

MADGE. Oh, mom, you go get some tea ready and we'll have a cup before Uncle goes. 'Cretia will help you. If you will I'll do that errand you wanted done at the dressmaker's. Please go. (*She motions her mother off.*)

MRS. LANE (*reluctantly*). Well, if Lucretia will help me.

LUCRETIA (*ungraciously*). I don't know why I should. (*She and Mrs. L. go.*)

MADGE. Dear Uncle Vick, don't tell mother what was on the valentine you got, please.

UNCLE VICK (*surprised*). How'd you know I got a valentine?

MADGE. I—I—O, please don't be cross at me, but I did something dreadful.

UNCLE VICK. Well, confess. Get it off your mind.

MADGE. Mother bought that valentine to give you. She thought it would please you, but I thought, since folks were supposed to choose mates in ancient times on Valentine day, that it would be nice for you to get married; so—I—

UNCLE VICK. Did you write Sarah's name on it? Well, you clever little matchmaker. (*Beams at her.*) I didn't know you *were* so smart. I thought Sarah acted surprised when I mentioned that valentine, but I got to asking her to have me, so she forgot to say any more about it. Anyhow, we're so pleased to think we've got this fixed up that—well, I guess I'll have to forgive you.

MADGE. Please do, dear Uncle Vick. I'll never do it again. (*She takes his arm and smiles at him.*)

UNCLE VICK. I'll do more than forgive you, young lady. I'm indebted to you for this new wife. I'd never got up spunk to propose to Sarah if it hadn't been for that valentine that I thought she sent. I'm going to give you a present. Got any pen and ink?

MADGE. Sure, right here. (*She gives him pen and ink. He writes a check and presents her.*)

UNCLE VICK. Now, don't you say your old uncle doesn't appreciate your playing St. Valentine.

MADGE. Why—why—five hundred dollars! Oh, you dear darling. (*She gives him a hug.*) This is wonderful.

UNCLE VICK. Put it away till you go to college.

(Enter MRS. LANE.)

MRS. LANE. Come on. Tea is ready.

UNCLE VICK. I've got to hurry. Sarah's expecting me soon. (*They start off.*)

CURTAIN

PART II

HELPS FOR ENTERTAINING, WITH GAMES, CONTESTS, AND STUNTS

VALENTINE DECORATIONS

A clever valentine-y atmosphere is obtained by fastening over the face of good-sized pictures on the wall large stiff paper hearts. One is labeled "Stork Valentines" and has interesting pictures of babies pasted over it. A second is "Teachers' Valentines" and has pictures of children of school age, so many of which are found in magazines. The third is "Cooks' Valentines" and has a group of the beautifully colored food pictures the magazines provide. The last is "Cupid's Valentines" and is a collection of pictures of charming young women. Running from picture to picture are festoons of white paper with small red hearts pasted on every ten inches. A striking plant effect is obtained by filling a jardiniere with a dozen slender branches, winding each with white paper, allowing them to fall about loosely. Make red paper hearts, some two inches across and the rest three and a half inches. Cut two slits horizontally across each and slip the larger heart onto a stem, pushing it down several inches, then put a small heart on, almost at the top. Decorate each stick the same. Make a panel for a narrow wall space by covering it with a strip of white crepe paper and pasting on two rows of hearts, the rows ten inches apart. One row has the largest heart at the bottom of the strip, each one above smaller than the one below; the other row has the largest heart at the top, each lower one smaller than the one above.

A small window can have a curtain made of slashed white crepe paper with tiny red hearts pasted here and there on the slashes. An unused doorway can have a large heart from which radiate strips of twisted paper, one end of the strips being fastened to the back of heart, the other to edge of door casing.

MENU SUGGESTIONS

HEART SALAD.—Without paring, slice rather small oranges across horizontally, starting at the center then slicing up from center on each half until slices at end get too small. With sharp scissors cut off paring, cut a wedge out at the top and point the bottom, quickly making a fairly good orange heart. Lay one of these hearts on the top of strawberry jello moulded in flat-bottomed muffin tins. Put a little whipped cream on orange heart and place the rest of it about the jello, topped with a bit of mayonnaise.

FLAPPER SALAD.—Place half of a canned pear on part of lettuce leaf, having the lettuce show only at the pointed end of pear, coming out like the ruffle about a woman's chin. Pear is rounded side up, the wide part being forehead beneath which eyes, nose and mouth are put on with melted chocolate, or the mouth can be fashioned with the scissors from pimento. Pile mayonnaise up for hair at top of broad end and you have a quite realistic flapper head.

COOKIES.—Molasses ones, cut heart shape, with eyes, nose and mouth of confectioner's sugar, will please the little folks and also those who are not so little.

SANDWICHES.—A baking powder can may be bent to make a fairly good heart, denting in one side and pounding the other out to a point. Cut thinly sliced bread with this can, spread one piece with dark-colored meat mixture; with sharp-pointed knife dig out from the other half holes to make eyes and mouth, spread and lay over the other piece, the dark meat below the holes accentuating the eyes and mouth. Make part of the sandwiches with filling of finely cut dates and raisins mixed with salad dressing. Peanut butter spread topped with a layer of dark-colored jam also makes a sandwich children like.

TABLE HINTS

Try a centerpiece made thus: On a red paper mat at center of table set a small plant of green foliage and, rising from this, have a clever heart flower. To make this cut four red paper hearts four inches long; lay two together and sew

a few over-and-over stitches at a point halfway up the side to hold the two together; join the others in the same way until the four petals are formed into circular flower. Draw the four points together and glue them to a wire or stick wound with green paper for a stem. These heart flowers are showy and can be used with green foliage for decorating the livingroom. Around the mat at center of table set marshmallows, a few inches apart, each having a toothpick standing up in the center with tiny red paper heart slipped on the top of the toothpick.

Nut or candy baskets are made by using the little paper nut cups the stores sell, gluing to each three hearts of stiff red paper, even spaces between the hearts whose points project half an inch below the bottom of basket, forming three little feet that hold the bottom raised from the table. Glue on only one heart at a time, waiting until it dries before putting on the next.

An attractive place card is made by gluing to a card a marshmallow that has a face made by putting on eyes, nose and mouth of the very tiny candies that come in various colors, using these different colors on a face, having one eye one color, the other different, the mouth still another color.

Children will be pleased to find standing at each plate a little lady made by sticking a marshmallow on the end of a tiny stick of candy, a face marked on the convex side with melted chocolate or fruit juice. Fasten a crepe paper dress around the stick of candy, just below the head, having this full enough so the lady will stand up beside the plate.

INVITATIONS TO PARTIES

One attractive idea for an invitation is to draw pen and ink hearts or cut very small red paper ones and paste on. The invitation reads:

With all my  I give you a most -y invitation to my Valentine party, Friday, February fourteenth. I shall be -broken if you do not come for we'll have a -y good time. Be kind- -ed and come so

I'll not have the -ache.

Yours -ily,

Marjorie Blunt.

Another pleasing invitation is made of two hearts, a red one and a white one. The name of the one invited is on the red heart, the invitation is written on the white one. The latter is cut with a flap at the top. This is bent to the front and pasted to the back of the red heart to form a hinge, so the red cover will open up in book fashion. The invitation reads:

Your very best friends will be there,
We hope that you will too;
We'll play some jolly games,
And find a lot to do;
So please come to my party,
And find a Valentine true.

On white paper draw some heart faces and add bodies—of a sort, then write this invitation:

Valentine time should not pass by
Without a merry party,
So I send you here and now
An invitation hearty
To meet us at
(*Add date, name of hostess, etc.*)

For a Cupid party cut white paper arrows, of length to fit an ordinary envelope, and write the invitation on the arrow, thus:

I'm giving a Cupid Party,
On _____ (*date*) and YOU
Are requested to be present;
St. Valentine says, "Please do."
Dorothy Brown.

SENTIMENTS FOR PLACE CARDS

The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one.
A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.
A mighty hunter and her prey is—man.

Men may come and men may go, but some one is always courting.

Expect not o'er-much wisdom when— one is in love.

With a mind for knowledge, a heart for love.

Love me and leave me not.

A clinging vine; where is the noble oak?

I'll be the giver; who'll be the taker?

Good luck follows; it will soon o'er-take you.

Love me and the world is mine.

Nothing in the world is single—why should I be?

A merry heart makes a smiling Valentine.

Mates of a feather flock together.

No ship so prized as friendship.

A steady head but a kindly heart.

Fitted for a help-meet as well as a help eat.

Free from care but headed for love.

VERSE MATCHING CONTEST

Arrange guests in couples by having half of them draw names of women, the others names of men, then matching names to form noted lovers, using Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Boaz and Ruth, Joseph and Mary, Paul and Virginia, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Gabriel and Evangeline, Dante and Beatrice, Cupid and Psyche, Napoleon and Josephine.

To each couple give a sheet of paper with the first two lines of a collection of valentine sentiments, leaving space after each to write in the other two lines. The last two lines of each sentiment are written, each on a separate slip. A slip is given to each couple and they write those lines where they decide they belong; at a signal each slip is passed along to the couple at right, so all get a new sentiment to write. In this way all the last lines are passed about and written on large sheet. When this is done the leader reads aloud the correct stanzas and each couple who has them all right gets two heart-shaped cookies with a candy heart in the center. For sentiments use:

Then early rise, just at break of day,
Before the sun hath chased the stars away,
And the first swain whom you shall chance to see,
In spite of fortune, thy true love shall be.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.

Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a love divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

For you my heart is beating, beating;
I'm longing, loved one, for a meeting.
O, would that I might call you mine!
Won't you be my valentine?

If a body sends his arrow
Into a fair maid's heart,
Let him lead her to the altar,
Never more to part.

Love comes laughing up the valleys
Hand in hand with hoyden Spring;
All the Flower People nodding,
All the Feathered Folk a-wing.

The tiger ye may move her
And bend her to your sway,
But lovers will outwit ye,
For love will find a way.

Love comes to some with smiling eyes,
And comes with tears to some;
For some Love sings, for others, sighs,
For some Love's lips are dumb.

Some say that Love is a lottery,
But maids are willing to try their fate,
And with the aid of St. Valentine
Many discover their longed-for mate.

Though February storms may rage,
And chilling blasts may blow,
A word of love from you, dear love,
Will set my heart aglow.

HEART PINNING

Hang a cloth upon the wall and pin in the center a large paper heart. Pass to half of the company small hearts numbered from one to as high as there are members in that group; pass to the other half hearts numbered the same, then they match hearts, the two with heart bearing 1 being partners, those with 2 being partners, and so on. One after another the couples are blindfolded—each member at same time, then they turn about three times, go forward toward the big heart and try to pin their hearts either on the large heart or near it. Members of a couple must stand four feet apart when they start, so as to work independently. After hearts are pinned on a committee measures the distance between the two small hearts, keeping a record of it. The couple who get their hearts on the closest together win a prize. If two couples have nearly the same measurement, let those two try again to see which wins.

HEART PASS

Guests stand in a circle. Have enough small paper hearts so there is one for each person, each heart having a number, the first 5, next 10, next 15, and so on up as high as needed. The teller has another set that are numbered the same way. At a signal all start passing the hearts along from one person to the next; as soon as all hearts are going the teller calls a halt and picks up a heart from his pile—these all being face down. He calls the number on the heart and the person who has the heart with that number gets the teller's heart.

pinned on as a score. Passing starts again and continues until teller signals stop. He picks up another heart, announces the number and the person holding that number gets the heart. Passing and calling should be brisk; it continues until all the teller's hearts are gone, pinned on the winning passers. The one whose hearts count up the highest score wins a prize.

A KNIGHT AND LADY RACE

Have four bottles, like catsup bottles, and a number of paper napkins. Place two bottles at right side of room, one halfway down the room, the other at the further end; place the other two in same manner at the left side of room. Two ladies are chosen by the leader, then each lady chooses her knight and places her handkerchiefs (paper napkins) one on each bottle having center of napkin over top of bottle so it stands up in a point. At a signal each knight takes his lady by the hand; one couple runs down the left side, the other down the right of room; as they pass the first bottle the knight stoops and grabs the handkerchief in his teeth, and the lady takes it from him with her free hand. They go on and circle around the bottle at the end of room, the knight securing that handkerchief as before, with his teeth. The couple getting back to starting place at the head of room with both handkerchiefs intact, wins the race. The leader then appoints two more ladies who choose their knights and race in the same manner. After several couples have contested, the swiftest two couples among the winners compete.

A HEART PICKING

Divide company into two lines, one to sit along each side of the room. At end of the room hang a sheet to which are pinned twenty-five or more small hearts, scattered about with spaces between them. A member from one side is blindfolded, goes forward—supposedly to the sheet, and touches it with a wand. If the wand touches a heart the contestant takes it back as a score. One from the other side then proceeds in the same manner, then from the first side, and so on, each one who touches a heart being given it by the leader.

Continue until all have taken part or until most of the hearts have been won. Each heart that is won counts five, and the side wins that has the largest score.

A CIRCLE BLINDFOLD

Two contestants take part at the same time, each being blindfolded. A plate of heart-shaped cookies or of heart candies is placed on a chair at one end of the room. One contestant stands at the right of it, the other at the left; at a signal each starts, being instructed to circle around, endeavoring to come back to the other side of the chair—the one who was on the right coming to the left. Each is to take fifteen steps and then to halt. The one being nearest the goal at the end of fifteen steps gets a cookie. Two others then compete.

AN ICE BREAKER

Give each person five little paper arrows, each with a pin stuck in it. At a signal all start shaking hands, moving about briskly. Pin an arrow on each third person whose hand is shaken, continuing until all have disposed of their five arrows. The committee then looks the company over to discover who is wearing the most arrows.

DESCRIPTIVE VALENTINES

The committee cuts from magazines a goodly supply of flowery adjectives, having them in a box, face down. Each guest draws out four of these and pastes them in the top corner of a sheet of paper—the paper and a bottle of paste being provided by the committee, and then writes his or her name at the top of the paper. The papers are placed face down and passed about, each guest drawing one—exchanging with someone else if he gets his own name. A valentine greeting to the one whose name is on the paper must be written, using in it the four words that are in the corner of the sheet. When all have finished the effusions are read aloud, after first giving the four supplied words.

TEN YEARS HENCE

Each boy is given a sheet of paper with the name of a girl who is present; each girl is given the name of a boy. These suggestions are written at upper left corner: Ten years hence—Where living. What doing. To whom married. What he (or she) is like. Each guest writes out a more or less elaborate prophecy, answering the four questions. The papers are collected and the contents are read aloud by the committee, not giving the names of the writers. If the company is composed of younger boys and girls it is better to have the prophecy for fifteen years hence, rather than ten.

LADIES' CHOICE

The committee has at hand two large kimonos, two old pairs of lady's shoes, and two old-style hats. The leader appoints two women for the race. Each woman chooses her cavalier who is to bring her a good luck valentine. The committee pins two hearts, each having Good Luck printed on it, at the head of the room. At a signal each lady gets her cavalier ready, putting the kimono and hat on him; he takes off his shoes and puts on the pair of lady's shoes—thrusting his toes in if not his foot—and off he goes! If the hat falls off he must stop and put it back on; he must shuffle along in the small shoes, and get a good luck heart—his lady cheering for him continually. When he gets the heart to her he must take off the hat and kimono and get into his own shoes. The one who accomplishes this first wins. Then two other women are chosen, who select their cavaliers. This race can keep a company in a gale of laughter.

WORD BUILDING

Cut words of rather large print and long in length from magazines, then cut each word in two, putting half of it in one box and half in another. Pass those in one box to half the company, those in second box to the others, and have them match the papers to form words and thus form couples.

To each couple give a sheet of paper with the words CUPID and HEART written on thus:

C	D	H	T
U	I	E	R
P	P	A	A
I	U	R	E
D	C	T	H

Each couple must fill in between the two lines of letters with letters that will spell a word that begins and ends with those two letters, the first of the cupid letters, for instance, being CORD, and the first of heart being HEAT. Allow ten or twelve minutes for the contest and then give a little prize to the couple having the most filled-in words. The words can be of any length.

VALENTINE PROPHECIES

OCCUPATIONS.—One is chosen as fortune teller. Each guest drops a bit of ink onto a paper, folds the paper and rubs it together to give the ink a good spreading. The paper is then taken to the fortune teller who will foretell, from the shape of the ink-blot, the occupation of the future mate.

INITIALS.—The fortune teller has a heart with all letters of the alphabet pasted on it. A person is given a pencil, closes eyes and after waving pencil about three times touches the heart, repeating this to get two letters. From the two letters that were nearest the pencil the fortune teller gives the name of one's future mate.

THE TRUEST ONE.—The leader gives each guest, one after another, two lighted candles and on slips writes two names—pinning one to each candle so name doesn't show. With a candle in each hand the person races twice around the room in a circle. The candle that goes out first proves that the name on the other candle will make the most constant valentine.

THE YEAR'S VALENTINE.—The fortune teller has two dishes, one with the name of each boy present; one with slips each having a description. The girls draw a boy's name, then

a slip, going up one at a time and giving slips to fortune teller. She says, "Your valentine for the year will be _____ (*giving name on slip*) and he will be _____ (*reading description on other slip*)."¹ The words used on slips are Cold, Loving, Fickle, True, Indifferent, Constant, False, using the list two or three times as needed to supply slips enough.

PROPHETIC HEARTS.—The fortune teller has a box in which are red, yellow, blue, white, pink and green paper hearts, an equal number of each. One after another each guest chooses a heart without seeing the color, and the fortune teller reads the lines that go with the color drawn, these being:

Your valentine, says heart of blue,
Is going to be both kind and true.

By heart of red it is foretold
Your valentine will never grow cold.

The yellow heart reveals to me
Your valentine will fickle be.

Try your pain and grief to smother—
Pink says your mate will love another.

Green says your mate will love you long
With affection pure and strong.

Your valentine, says the white heart,
Will grow indifferent and you'll part.

A CLIMAX CONTEST

For a writing game where the company is not large, have the leader tell a story until the plot is well understood, then pass papers and pencils and require each one to write the ending, using at least one hundred words. Use a valentine plot, something like this: Reginald Brown was madly in love with a popular young lady whom he had known for several years. He longed to make her his wife but there

were other admirers and the young lady was not always disposed to accept his attentions. He was much pleased when she promised to attend a valentine party with him. He bought a fine box of candy and some roses for a valentine for her, planning to take them when he called for her. To his horror the janitor locked them in his office and his key was at home. Reginald hurried madly forth hoping to buy something else, but in taking a short-cut to the store he was held up by a big thug and relieved of all his money. Sick at heart he hurried to the corner, hoping to discover a taxi so he could get to his rooms in haste for his key and more money. It was at this moment that— The rest of the story is to be written, then climaxes are read aloud.



IMITATION

Pass out papers, ten of which bear a number, these running from one to ten, the others being blank. Each who draws a slip with a number is then given a slip with the corresponding number on which is written the imitation the person has to give, these being as follows:

1. Imitate a young lady rejecting a man who has proposed.
2. Imitate a lady thinking of her lover.
3. Imitate a lady accepting a proposal.
4. Imitate a man who is surprised because he is rejected.
5. Imitate a man who thinks of committing suicide because he has been rejected.
6. Imitate a bashful young man proposing.
7. Imitate a young man trying to make up with his girl because he forgot to send her a valentine.
8. Imitate a young lady with a valentine she didn't expect.
9. Imitate a jilted young lady.
10. Imitate a young man trying to pick out a valentine for his lady.

VALENTINE MESSAGES

For a small company each person can be given a valentine message, written so they cannot be read until worked out. The numbers 1, 2, or 3 are to be added to the letters used to

get the correct letter. For instance, "I love but you" could be written thus:

1 2132 131 321
h jnsc avs vmt

To make them readable you add as many of the following letters of the alphabet as are indicated by the number above the letter. Adding two letters to j gives l; adding 1 to n gives o, etc. A girl draws a message and on another slip, a boy's name. She must work out the message, then read it aloud and tell the name of the boy on her slip, who is supposed to have sent it to her. The messages are prepared beforehand and can be written quickly if one has an alphabet to look at. Use messages like:

Your eyes thrill me.
I dream of you.
Keep your smiles for me.
You are my valentine.
Say you will be mine.
Name the day.
I live to hear your voice.
None but you for me.

A VALENTINE CONTEST

Choose two teams of nine each, one team to stand on each side of the room. For each team have squares of paper with the letters, V A L E N T I N E, one letter on each square, each member of a team to have a square. At a signal the one from each team with V runs forward and pins the letter to a cloth hung on the wall. The ones with A can't go until the first member gets back and touches them off. The team wins that gets all the nine letters first pinned in line, to spell Valentine.

A HEART HUNT

This is best for a home party where several rooms can be used. The guests form in couples, sitting so each couple is somewhat separated from the next one. At a signal all the left-hand members of couples go to one adjoining room, the

right-hand members to another, where many little paper hearts have been concealed. They are allowed but two minutes in the room to hunt, then at signal must come back. As they take places each right-hand member moves on one couple, thus getting a new left-hand mate. The next signal sounds and all go again to hunt hearts, the right-hand member moving on when they are called back. After four or five hunts the couples count hearts, a sack of candy hearts being awarded the couple having most hearts.

THE REASON WHY

Pass papers and pencils. Ask each young lady to write at least a twenty-five word answer to "Why _____ would make a nice Valentine," choosing any young man's name to fill the blank who is present, but not writing that name down. The young men are to write, "Why I want _____ for my Valentine," supplying the name of any young lady present, but not putting it on the paper. When all have finished writing the leader passes slips, those for the young men having a name of one of the young ladies present; those for the ladies having a young man's name. The name drawn must be written in the blank, then all papers are read aloud, causing much merriment since there are apt to be some amusing misfits.

IT IS I

The leader has two sets of slips, those for the men having odd numbers, the ladies having even. Pass cards with similar numbers to each group, men choosing odd and ladies even. The slips lie face down; leader picks up one at random and reads the question on it, then gives the number of the slip. The one who has that number must immediately rise and say, "It is I." Questions on the slips are like:

- What man here will make the handsomest Valentine?
- What lady is the prettiest Valentine?
- Who has the most loving heart?
- Who has the coldest heart?
- Who has the most generous heart?

Who has the most fickle heart?
 Who has Cupid got his eye on?
 Who is having a serious love affair?
 Who is going to lose his Valentine?



BLIND TARGET

All guests stand in a circle holding hands except one who is in the center. Circle marches until ordered to halt then one in center pins a paper heart on the one he or she loves best. Since one in center is *blindfolded* this occasions much merriment.

WORD FORMING

Arrange the company in couples; give each couple a paper with the following suggestions, leaving space for the answers which are to be words formed from letters found in "Valentines."

1. Time before Easter	11. River in Egypt
2. Roofing material	12. To make fast
3. A number	13. False statement
4. Alcoholic drink	14. A building spot
5. Made by birds	15. A plant
6. Used in fishing	16. Used on sores
7. Opposite of good	17. Worn with a hat
8. Public stopping-place	18. Part of a fork
9. Son of Jacob	19. Before ten
10. Small body of land	20. Stories

The answers: 1. Lent. 2. Tile. 3. Ten. 4. Ale. 5. Nest. 6. Line. 7. Evil. 8. Inn. 9. Levi. 10. Isle. 11. Nile. 12. Tie. 13. Lie. 14. Site. 15. Vine. 16. Salve. 17. Veil. 18. Tines. 19. Nine. 20. Tales.

HEART FORTUNES

To a large wrapping-paper heart on the wall fasten six smaller hearts, close together in a group, like grapes on a cluster. On each of these is written a fortune, these being: 1. Health. 2. Money. 3. A trip. 4. Sickness. 5. Hard work.

6. A new sweetie. One after another guests are blindfolded and with a cane point to one of the hearts or the one nearest the cane is the one counted, to see what the Valentine day predicts. After turning around three times the person points again, each one having three chances.

VALENTINE SENTIMENTS

Each person is given paper and pencil and must write two lines of a valentine sentiment. The paper is then folded over to cover the writing and creased down, then passed on to the one at the right. That person writes the last two lines of a sentiment, having of course no idea what the first two lines are. The papers are collected and the efforts read aloud by the leader, the misfits being quite enjoyable.

A HEART AND ARROW RACE

The leader appoints a lady to pin a heart to the goal at head of the room, then appoints three men to contest for her heart. To each man is presented an arrow cut from stiff paper. The three stand in a line at opposite end of the room from the goal and at a signal each tosses his arrow toward the goal, sending it as far as possible. Each man then moves forward to where his arrow fell and standing there tosses it on again. This is continued until one of the men is near enough to the goal to get the heart. Another lady is then chosen to pin up a heart and three other men race for it.

A FLOWER CONTEST

Cut hearts from white paper, one for every two guests. On each heart write, one under the other, these flower names with their letters changed about and one extra letter added to each name: Sevor, Palitu, Saplyn, Curecos, Lionvet, Tilly, Sitera, Yinsad, Irantocane. The extra letter from each word, when placed in the order the words are written, will spell something we like to get on February fourteenth. Arrange the company in couples, having two boxes of small

hearts cut from various colors and kinds of paper, those in one box having duplicates in the other, so the hearts can be matched to form couples. Give one of the large hearts to each couple and allow a certain number of minutes for them to search out the flower names and the extra letters. The flowers are: rose, tulip, pansy, crocus, violet, lily, aster, daisy, carnation. The extra letters spell valentine.

STUNTS

HEART-MAKING.—Give each one a piece of paper and a pin; allow three minutes for pricking on the paper with the pin, the outline of a heart, free-hand, without any pattern or measuring. When pricked tear off the surplus paper, leaving the heart. Each writes name on heart; they are collected and pinned up for exhibition. A committee decides on the most perfect one.

HEART LIFTING.—Place a newspaper on the floor and cut from it eight or ten inches, lay three hearts each having a pin in it with the head sticking up. A man kneels on the newspaper, places his hands on his knees, *keeping them there*, and bending forward tries to pick up a heart by catching the pin with his teeth. He has three minutes to secure the three hearts, then some one else tries.

VALENTINE SONGS.—Select several singers and have them stand in a row. They must sing one at a time, the first, for instance, will be given the tune "America"; the next, "Yankee Doodle"; a third, "Auld Lang Syne," etc. Each one has to keep repeating the words, "I Want a Valentine," singing them over and over to the tune assigned, until the end is reached.

A HEART FEAT.—Place a broom between two chairs, placing it on the rounds so a young man can sit on the handle. He must take position cross-legged on the broom handle then, while trying to keep his balance, must cut a heart, the paper and scissors being given him after he is in position.

A BACK-TO-BACK TUG.—Place on the floor a large heart cut from newspaper. Two men stand on this, back to back, their elbows locked. At a signal each tries to pull the other

off the heart. The one who can get the other six feet away from the heart is going to be the more successful in love affairs during the year.

PROPHETICAL PLACE CARDS

7

Cut Cupid arrows from white paper, making them large enough to hold a prophecy on one side. Write the name of guest on the other side. Lay the arrow by the plate, name up. Between courses the lines are read aloud.

Cupid surely bags his game;
You cannot escape his aim.

'Tis not good to be alone,
Get a nice mate for your own.

Some one has a home for you—
A nice bungalow built for two.

Wedded life is surely best;
You'll get married, like the rest.

Cupid is going to take a hand;
At the altar you soon will stand.

Get a mate; be plucky;
You'll win and be lucky.

You'll soon have a chance
For a thrilling romance.

The time is coming soon
When you'll bill and coo and spoon.

St. Valentine has a mate for you
Who will love you long and true.

You will miss matrimonial strife,
You're going to lead a single life.

Adventure is going to be your lot;
Perhaps you'll wed and maybe not.

Your mate is going to be a prize,
Curly locks and big blue eyes.

Quit your flirting; do not falter,
You'll find happiness at the altar.

Thus 'tis written by fate's pen:
You'll be wedded again and again.

You will live to be bent and old,
And always have a plenty of gold.

Disappointment waits for you—
Your love is going to prove untrue.

Life will bring you sunny weather;
You and your mate will be happy together.

You will not paddle your own canoe,
But ride in a row boat built for two.

You soon are fated to settle down
With one of the finest men in town.

Though Cupid will not you forget,
You'll not be married for twenty years yet.

IN WHICH CITY

Young ladies draw at random slips containing a suggestion as to the cities in which their valentines are to be found. Each one must guess the city, then the suggestions are read aloud and the answers given.

You will find your mate, a comely youth,
In a city noted for truth.

(Vera-city)

The man with whom you'll tie the knot
Is in a city of volt and watt.

(Electri-city)

Fate says you'll find your mate all right
In a city that favors a fight.

(Pugna-city)

Your fate is living, if you have any,
In a city that means very many.

(Multipli-city)

It is said your man you'll "ketch"
In a city having power to stretch.

(Elasti-city)

You are sure to meet him ere long
In a city where they hang on strong.

(Tena-city)

You will meet him, so says fate,
In a city where power of speed is very great.

(Velo-city)

The hero who your heart will touch
Lives in a city meaning "Not Much."
(Scar-city)

Your Valentine, so fate has quoted,
Is in a city for impudence noted.

(Auda-city)

Your future mate you are going to find
In a city famed for keenness of mind.

(Saga-city)

You'll find your Valentine, so we hear,
In a city where the folks are queer.

(Eccentri-city)

Your mate you'll discover, so we believe,
In a city where people are prone to deceive.

(Dupli-city)

YOUR FUTURE MATE

(For Young Men)

A strong wife you are going to find;
She will possess a very *strong* mind.

Your wife will not *miss* you when you're out late;
You'll find her able to throw very straight.

Your mate will have a *taking* way—
She'll take your spare change most any day.

Your wife won't wish the cooking to do,
But you'll find she'll often *roast* you.

You'll take a wife, but for goodness, sake,
Be careful, sir, *whose wife you take*.

A musician you'll get, as sure as you're born—
Your wife will often *toot her own horn*.

The woman you will marry is dead—
Dead in love with you, 'tis said.

Your wife will be a *peach*, so I declare
The two of you will make a fine *pair*.

Your mate will have a wonderful *way*—
She'll weigh two hundred, so the Fates say.

Your mate will make good coffee, of course,
So there'll be no *grounds* for divorce.

You should be a baker, the Fates say so,
For your wife will require a lot of dough.

Your mate will give you her hand you'll find;
Later, she'll give you a piece of her mind.

FAMOUS MEN AND THEIR VALENTINES

A copy of these lines can be given to each guest and a certain time allowed for writing the answers, or the lines can be read aloud and the answers given by whoever first recognizes the characters.

A maid and a man of Puritan days—
Who sang his famous rival's praise.
(Priscilla and John Alden)

Famous lovers; he poison took,
She stabbed herself and life forsook.
(Romeo and Juliet)

An eastern queen, handsome and naughty,
Who snared a Roman, proud and haughty.
(Antony and Cleopatra)

A man and the maid from the mother's land
Who drew the water for the camel band.
(Isaac and Rebekah)

Acadian lovers, parting in tears,
Separated many long years.
(Evangeline and Gabriel)

An Italian poet of long ago,
And a Florentine lady he well did know.
(Dante and Beatrice)

An Indian mother's comely son
And the arrow maker's daughter he won.
(Hiawatha and Minnehaha)

A maiden who left her mantle and fled,
And her Babylonian lover, soon stabbed dead.
(Pyramus and Thisbe)

A dark-skinned Moor from history's page,
And his fair bride smothered in jealous rage.
(Othello and Desdemona)

We who swam the Hellespont with might
To meet the maid he loved, by night.
(Leander and Hero)

A maiden of California fame,
And the Indian who her husband became.
(Ramona and Allesandro)

An English couple who gained publicity
By their noted conjugal felicity.
(Darby and Joan)

VALENTINE PROPHECIES

(*For Girls*) 19

You will marry a preacher,
So start in being good;
Prepare to lead part of the meetings
As a minister's helpmeet should.

You will wed a tall engineer,
A capable, hard-working man;
You will go with him into China,
To Africa, and also Japan.

Your choice will be a carpenter,
With dark eyes and a winning smile;
He will build you a nice bungalow
Of the very latest style.

To wed a cranky old banker
You'll have an easy chance,
But instead you'll choose a nice sheik
Who runs a big poultry ranch.

He has a most winning manner,
His clothes are nifty, I'll say,
This handsome young traveling salesman
Whose bride you'll become some fine day.

A shy, absent-minded professor
Will set his affections on you,
And drive you half out of your wits
By the shockingly odd things he'll do.

You're going to fall deeply in love
With a sky pilot and on high
You'll sail through the mist and the clouds
As here, there, and yonder you fly.

You are going to become the wife
Of a Jew in a clothing store;
You'll help him sell the goods and get
Of wealth, each year, more and more.

Two men will offer you their hearts,
But you'll want a real go-getter,
So you'll become an old, old maid,
While waiting for something better.

You are destined by fate to wed
A handsome man who likes his ease,
So you'll have to take in boarders
To help earn the bread and cheese.

Your choice will be a kindly man
Who humors you without a frown;
He'll often stay at home and work
While you get out and run the town.

Your valentine will be a man
Who's short and fat and jolly;
He'll treat you fine and never flirt
With Josie, Nell, or Molly.

Fate says that you will happy be
With a lawyer, stern and grim;
You'll think that he is just all right—
He will be good-looking but prim.

A well-to-do and care-free man
Is he whom your taste will please;
He'll take you sailing in his yacht
Across the blue and briny seas.

You will marry a druggist and
Soon be left a widow sad;
You'll never find another man
As nice as the one you had.

You will marry an army man,
A member of the marines;
He will take you with him to live
In the palmy Philippines.

An up-to-date farmer you'll wed,
Who owns rich acres of land;
You will prosper and have a-plenty
Of money at your command.

Your choice will be a dentist
Who makes the finest of teeth;
Long life and years of happiness
Kind fate to you will bequeath.

You will wed a portrait artist,
Who is much inclined to shirk;
You will never have much money
Because he will hate to work.

A nice radio announcer
Will make your girlish heart rejoice;
You'll fall in love with him because
He has a wonderful voice.

You'll marry a teacher but soon
 Pneumonia will claim your mate;
 Your second will write insurance
 And dabble in real estate.

PROPHECIES FOR THE MEN

18

Your wife will take to pleasure,
 And she'll not be very wise;
 But she'll have the darlingest mouth,
 And oh, such wonderful eyes.

Your choice will be a lady who
 The typewriter keys doth pound;
 You sure will have to mind her for
 She will make you step around.

You will marry a sporty girl
 Who is bound to take up flying;
 She'll have you worried half the time
 With the scary thoughts of dying.

You will draw for a valentine
 A girl who's the best of cooks;
 You will be so fond of her meals
 That you *will* not mind her plain looks.

You'll choose a pretty little flirt,
 Who has broken many a heart,
 But she'll settle down with you and try
 Most nobly to do her part.

You will wed a strong Swedish maid
 Who is thrifty and fond of toil;
 You'll buy a farm and she'll get out
 To help cultivate the soil.

Your valentine fate says will be
 A banker's daughter with money;
 You'll sail along quite blissfully,
 And find life very sunny.

You will wed an old-maid school ma'am
Who thinks that it is great fun ✓
To leave her troublesome pupils,
And manage a school of one.

Your wife will be extravagant;
It will almost make you faint
When you have to pay for dresses,
Cold cream and powder and paint.

You're going to draw a club woman
Who's fond of civics and such;
She'll take a hand in politics,
But you'll love her very much.

Your wife will like to cook and sew;
She'll be thrifty, never fear.
With her you'll surely forge ahead,
And save money every year.

Your wife will be a traveller
Who is much inclined to roam;
She will drag you here and yonder
When you'd rather stay at home.

Your wife will go off and leave you,
Tired of matrimonial fetter,
But you will get another one
Whom you'll like a whole lot better.

Your wife will think you wonderful,
And she'll be your loving slave ✓
Till you die of a ripe o'd age
And are laid away in your grave.

Your mate will be an artist,
Who will sit around and paint,
Neglecting meals till you are starved
And well-nigh ready to faint.

You will choose a frivolous school girl
Who likes to sing and to dance;
You will have a jazzy existence
As onward through life you prance.

Down on South American plains
Your fortune you will try;
You will wed a nice Senorita
With bright smile and a flashing eye.

You will fall for a charming actress,
And 'twill fill your heart with rage
When she refuses your offer
And prefers to stay on the stage.

Fate tells us that you'll never wed—
You'll be a jolly old "bach" instead;
You'll do as you please, take your ease,
And leave no widow when you're dead.

You will marry a seamstress
Who makes pretty dresses and skirts; ✓
She'll save you each year some money
By making all of your shirts.

Your wife will be a musician
Who performs for the radio;
She will help bring in the money
So your bank account will grow.

YOUR KIND OF HEART

Pass around a large heart that has twenty-one small hearts fastened to it, each having a number on the back, asking each guest to select a small heart. When these have been chosen the leader calls on one at a time to tell the number on the heart and then reads the verse of corresponding number, telling what kind of a heart the person has.

1. Because you are handsome instead of plain ✓
You have a heart that's inclined to be vain.

2. To be honest-hearted is your intent;
You won't cheat any one out of a cent.
3. You have a loyal heart and your friend
Will find you constant unto the end.
4. You have a heart that is kind and true;
No wonder the men are so fond of you.
5. Like chunks of ice the ice-man has sold,
You have a heart that is very cold.
6. You are lion-hearted, courageous and brave;
Even a live mouse doesn't make you rave.
7. You've a generous heart; you're willing to spend,
And always ready to help a sad friend.
8. Though your smile is cheerful and bright,
You have a heart that is broken, quite.
9. You're inclined to be chicken-hearted;
You and your courage have somehow parted.
10. You're going to suffer from envy's dart
Because you possess a jealous heart.
11. You're heavy-hearted and 'tis no fun
To have a heart that weighs a ton.
12. You have a merry heart and gay
To keep you cheerful along life's way.
13. It takes a whole lot to make you glad
Because your heart is apt to be sad.
14. You and your sweetheart are destined to part,
Because yours, alas, is a fickle heart.

15. You have such a soft, soft heart, my friend,
You'll be imposed on until life's end.
16. Fame and honor you're not inclined to seek,
Because you have a heart that's too meek.
17. You'll do what's right, of this we're sure
Because you have a heart that is pure.
18. Warm-hearted you are, so the fates here say
You'll have many friends on life's rugged way.
19. Light-hearted art thou, and determined to smile
Though troubles and sorrows about you pile.
20. You've a heart that's determined and very set,
So what you go after you're certain to get.
21. Your heart is sentimental indeed,
So some one to love is what you need.

WHERE HE'LL PROPOSE

Cut five-inch hearts from white paper. On one side paste the head of a man cut from newspaper or magazine; on the other side write one of the following couplets, telling young ladies where their valentines will propose.

1. Some day when horse-back-riding you go,
He'll ask you to tell him "yes," or "no."
2. You'll get a proposal from your fate
A-hanging over the back-yard gate.
3. While skating by moonlight, you two alone,
He will ask you to be his very own.
4. As across the lake in a boat you glide,
He is going to ask you to be his bride.

5. Sitting in the parlor, the light turned low,
He will propose and you'll *not* say no.
6. Your lover will send a sweet letter to you
In which he says that he loves you true.
7. In an airship, sailing across the blue,
Your fate will say, "I shall wed but you."
8. On a camping trip, where pines grow high,
He will ask you to love him until you die.
9. Going home from a show that has touched his heart
He'll ask you to have him "Till death do us part."
10. While washing the dishes, such a sticky mess,
He will propose and you will say "yes."
11. Picking gooseberries, out by the garden fence,
He'll ask you to wed him just six months hence.
12. Gathering violets, in the spring,
He'll beg you to wear a new diamond ring.
13. At a dance he'll say, "O, be my wife;
I want to dance with you all through life."
14. Sitting out under a shady tree,
He'll suddenly ask, "Will you marry me?"
15. By a glowing fire, on a winter night,
He will propose as he hugs you tight.
16. Taking a trip through Yellowstone Park,
He'll say, "Life with you will be a lark."
17. Out auto riding a young man will say,
"O, wed me! I love you more every day."

18. Out for a walk, in the bright June weather,
He'll say, "Let's walk through life together."

19. Out in the arbor, where roses twine,
He'll ask the question for which you pine.

20. Walking home from church, on a moonlit eve,
His message of love you'll gladly receive.

21. When in a store a fine ring you see
He'll say, "I'll buy it if you'll wear it for me."

GAMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

PASSING HEARTS. The children stand in a circle, facing out, with backs to It, who stands in the center of circle. Three stiff paper hearts, small size, are given to various ones in the circle; at a signal they begin passing the hearts around from one to the next, all children making motions of passing to confuse It. When It says "Stop" the passing ceases, and It guesses the name of a child supposed to have a heart in his hand. If guess is correct the one guessed goes in center and It goes into circle.

HEART AND ARROW HUNT. Three rooms are required. Children are in one, small paper hearts are hidden in the second; little white paper arrows in the third. A number of the hearts and arrows can be cut at once so they are quickly made. The children couple off; at a signal the boys run into "arrow" room and hunt until bell rings when they come back and each gives the arrows he has found to his partner. Then the girls hunt for hearts, coming back when the bell rings to give their hearts to their partners. The hunts are continued until the hearts and arrows are getting scarce, then they count up and the girl with most arrows and the boy with most hearts are given little prizes.

BLIND TARGET. Fasten a good-sized cloth to the wall; in the center pin a ten-inch heart. Divide into two groups, half the children on each side. Each one is given a paper

arrow with a pin. One member from each side is blindfolded; they go forward and pin arrows wherever they happen to touch. The one who is nearest to the heart is given a small paper heart for a score. Two more, one from each side, try, the winner getting a heart. This is continued until all have pinned on arrows; the group holding the most hearts wins.

HEART RACE FOR BOYS. Make some stiff paper hearts; tie a thread loop in the top of each and slip a number of them onto a broom handle or long rod which is placed on the backs of two chairs so hearts are suspended between the chairs. Two boys are chosen; at signal they go to hearts and getting one between the teeth break the thread and run with the heart to a dish at other end of room. The boy who gets four hearts in the dish first wins. More hearts are placed on the rod and two other boys contest.

FINDING A MATE. Write one on each slip of paper using: Rich Man, Poor Man, Merchant, Minister, Doctor, Lawyer, Dentist, Professor, Plumber, Electrician. Place slips on floor, face down. A girl is blindfolded and walks around the room while she counts fifteen, then stops. The slip she is nearest to tells what her future Valentine will be. Move slips about occasionally so girls won't know where to stop. When girls have tried, place slips for the boys, using: Nurse, Cook, Seamstress, Teacher, Singer, Farmer's Daughter, Clerk, Stenographer, Musician, Milliner.

TO COUPLE OFF. Girls draw slips with one of the following on each slip: 1, the one who kneels; 2, one who cries; 3, who stands on one foot; 4, is chopping wood; 5, pretends to fly; 6, has a headache; 7, one who paints a house; 8, one who hoes; 9, one picking apples; 10, is washing hands. The boys draw slips, each with one of these suggestions on it: 1, kneel on right knee; 2, pretend to cry; 3, stand on one foot; 4, pretend to chop wood; 5, pretend to fly; 6, pretend your head aches; 7, paint a house; 8, hoe the ground; 9, be picking apples; 10, pretend to wash your hands. One after another the boys pantomime their order, each girl claiming her partner when she discovers him.

THREE TO ONE. The girls sit, a boy stands back of each girl. One who is It walks along and suddenly pointing at a girl says, "Cupid, Cupid, Cupid." If the boy back of her can say "Valentine" once while It says "Cupid" three times It must try some one else; if the boy fails, It takes his place and the boy becomes It.

WHO AM I? Girls go in another room; place a high-backed chair with blanket over it in open doorway. One after another girls pull a paper sack that has heart on the front, over the head, stand back of chair and ask Who Am I? The boys do the guessing then girls guess the boys.

OLD FASHIONED VALENTINE SOCIAL

Appoint several capable committees. One has charge of the music, securing for the program some of the old-time songs, sentimental ones suitable for Valentine day, some given by a group and some as solo; also some instrumental music—the older the better. If some of the songs can be accompanied by tableaux in old-fashioned costumes, so much the better. Let another committee have charge of "Old-fashioned Valentines." For this they solicit for an exhibit the oldest valentines that can be found. Often a family will have some that have been treasured for years. These will make an interesting display, but should be kept so they are not handled. A prize should be given the one showing the oldest valentine. The committee also arranges for some "Living Valentines," having some of the elderly ladies, in old-fashioned garb, pose against a dark background, one after another. Some of the attractive young ladies can then pose, they also costumed in the style of many years ago. Some of the old, old songs such as: Annie Laurie, The Quilting Party, and Juanita can be played softly during the posing. Tableaux with the posers picturing old portraits and photographs would be very charming.

A third committee should have charge of the rest of the program, arranging for readings, a valentine playette, some exercises and perhaps a drill by the children. This committee will likewise select some games and contests for the social time following the program. The fourth committee will have charge of the refreshments.

A VALENTINE WHO'S WHO

For this party one might issue invitations which say:

You're asked to be one
Who'll enjoy the fun
At our Valentine Who's Who;
So forget your care
And hasten where
We'll wait your coming,—
Please do.

Outline a pen-and-ink heart on a sheet of paper and write the above invitation inside the heart, placing the name of hostess in one lower corner, the date in the other, below the heart. For an ice-breaker pin a slip with a noted man's name on the back of each man present, using men of history, like: Longfellow, Lincoln, Grant, and men of today like Henry Ford, Edison, and Tarkington. A man asks questions about himself from one lady after another until he discovers his identity, when he may be seated.

Match hearts of various colors that have been cut in two to "couple-off" the guests for a movie-star "Who's Who." The hostess has secured from papers and magazines pictures of noted stars, pasting each on a card. The men are numbered from one to as high as the pictures run, the women also numbered from one, up. Each guest is given a paper with corresponding numbers and space for the name. The cards are placed all about the rooms, on wall, on table, stuck in picture frames, suspended from lights, etc. Each couple works together, helping each other, but the men write lady-stars, while the women write names of men. The couple making out the most perfect list wins a prize.

The next is a local "Who's Who" contest. Papers and pencils having been provided, the ladies write a short description, each telling something about her looks or what she is wearing, giving a clew to her identity; each man writes something about his occupation or what he has accomplished, or is expecting to accomplish. The men's papers are passed to the ladies, and vice versa. Each is read aloud and the holder given two guesses as to the one who wrote it.

Next the men are sent into an adjoining room then one after another takes his place in the open doorway back of a heavy curtain and either recites some lines of poetry or sings part of a song. The ladies are allowed two guesses as to the Who, a record being kept of the correct ones. The men then guess the ladies in the same way, trying to get more correct answers than the women did, for the group who wins gets a treat of candy hearts. After refreshments the evening is closed with some valentine stunts or races, provided in previous pages of this volume.

A MARRIED FOLKS PARTY

Since the married couples are not so interested in prophecies, mating games, etc., one clever hostess gave a Noted Lovers party. She assigned each couple the names of historical lovers two weeks before the affair, giving plenty of time for them to prepare their parts. She used Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Isaac and Rebekah, Dante and Beatrice, Priscilla and John Alden, Minnehaha and Hiawatha, Ramona and Allesandro, Hero and Leander, Paul and Virginia, Evangeline and Gabriel. Each couple had to tell the story of their lovers, to present one or two tableaux depicting scenes in their lives, and where possible, as in the case of Hiawatha, Evangeline, John Alden, Romeo and Juliet, Isaac and Rebekah, to give readings of interesting passages concerning them. The guests were asked to "dress-up" some in representing their parts though no elaborate costumes were expected. The results of these efforts were so interesting that the guests were loud in their praise of the affair. Several of the old love songs were sung between the representations.

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DATE DUE

~~FEB 17 1982~~

~~FEB 25 1987~~ ~~REC'D~~

~~JUL 14 1989~~

~~MAR 02 1992~~

~~FEB 03 1998~~
~~FEB 22 1999~~

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

APR 16 1999
BOSTON

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T2-BE1-538

